HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. IV.—No. 176.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1860. [Price Five Cents.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The Cheapest and Best Advertising Medium in the Country.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

A Magnificently Illustrated Paper,

Circulating in every Section of the Union,

Offers unusual inducements to those who desire to bring their business prominently before the community.

1. Only a limited space is devoted to Advertisements.

2. The character and diffusion of the circulation are unequaled.

3. The Paper is generally preserved for Binding.

4. The Advertising Pages are rendered attractive, and can not escape the attention of the reader.

5. None but the most respectable class of Advertisements are admitted.

6. The charges are not as large, *proportionally*, as those of any other Weekly or Daily Paper.

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for Three Months or more.

Terms—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

HARPER & BROTHERS.

REPUBLICAN WIGWAM AT CHICAGO.

We present herewith a view of the new building —yclept the "Republican Wigwam"—which the Republican clubs of Chicago have built for the National Republican Convention to be held in that city on 16th inst. It reflects credit on the liberality of the Chicago people.

The building stands on the corner of Lake and Market streets, a very suitable location. It is 100 feet by 180; the cornice stands 40 feet from the ground. The ground-floor, inside, is divided between the stage, which will seat 1800 persons; two large commodious committee-rooms, one on either side the stage; and the floor of the hall, which will accommodate, it is said, 8000 persons. The floor rests on an inclined platform, so that persons on the rear seats will have a good view of the stage. For spectators, a gallery 33 feet wide runs round three sides of the building: a portion of this is set apart exclusively for ladies, and has a separate entrance. The roof of the hall is arched, and in it are five sky-lights, which, with the doors and windows on three sides, will afford ample light and ventilation. At night the whole building will be lit with gas.

The erection of such a building on such short notice, and for such a purpose, shows that the Western people are not so poor as many are fond of asserting.

The architect of the building is Mr. W. W. Boyington.

FROM THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.

No. V.

Tew Major Jack Downing, Downingsville, Downing County, Maine; in care of Mr. Harper, who'll send it in print.

Charleston Wharf, *April* 30, 1860.

Deou yeou remember, Uncle Jack, when we all went eout a fishin', tew years ago last July, and got becalm'd right off agin Mount Desart island? Kinder geuess yeou hain't forgot it, and heow you got all riled up, having tew speak a Fourth ov July address; and there we wos, fifty miles off, on the mornin' ov the thurd. Deon't yeou remember heow that ere old pink-starn schuner wobbled abeout, with her sales all histed, and a puff ov wind a hittin' her one side—then tuther! Then she'd roll—then she'd pitch—then yeou'd git mad, and say we'd never git tew Portland, so yeou could reel off your Independence yarn. Between yeou and I, it sort ov seemed once as though yeou een'er most used profane words, but ov course yeou didn't deou no sich a thing.

"Wot in time's that got tu deou with Charleston?" ses yeou. "A masterly sight," ses I; fur jist as we wos then, the Dimmercrats is neow. Here I've bin near a fortnite, and not a chance has I had to see my way ahed a boat's length. The old ship ov State that Govurnur Morrill always tells abeout has bin in a tite place, I tell yeou, and the way the gusts ov wind from the North and from the South has made heer sort ov keel over is curus, I tell yeou. Gin'ral Cushin's had jist as much as he could deou tew keep things a goin' on, and nites, when he's gone tew Guvnur Alston's house, where he's staid, I guess he's been sort ov tucker'd eout. This here presidin' over a Convention aint wot it's cracked up tew be, I tell yeou, and bein' a Dellergate ain't much better. But I'm a gittin' ahed ov my time, and will go back tew the commencin' ov the beginnin'.

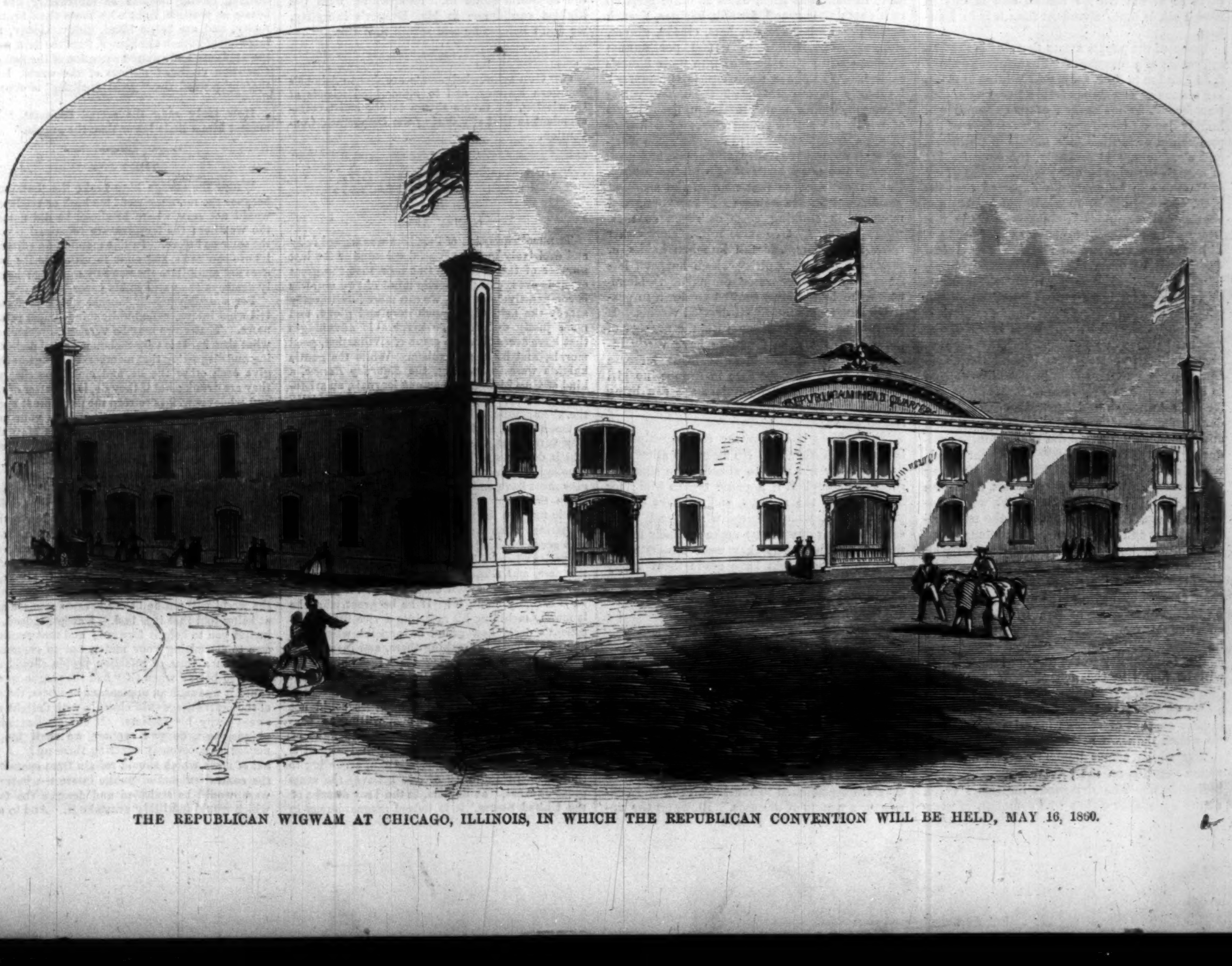
When I furst got tew Charleston 'twas all as quiet as a Sunday mornin' arter the folks has got ready tew go tew meetin', but the bells hain't begun tew ring. The beds wos all made, and the vittles wos mostly cooked, and the clerks tew the taverns had butiful day-books all reddy to make charges in, 'specially "sundreys." Cullurd waturs trotted abeout like ravin' destracted roosturs, a whisking little brums tew brush sum wun with, and every thing wos like 'twas tew Downingville when yeaes wos a goin' tew bring Gen'ral Jacksun thair, but didn't. So I had the scunur maid fast by tew hossurs, hed and starn, and started areound tew sell my apple sars and cidur. The way the old place looks I've all reddy told yeou, and there's a good manny wus places tew, only it must be ollfired hot here in July. It's hot enuff neow; but they say this ain't nothin' tew compair.

Wa'al, furst cum the steme boats from Boston, and New York, and Phillernydelphy, chock full of Dellergates, and Substertutes, with other female frends. They had lots ov lickur abord tew, and brass bands that plaid ollfired nice, and they hurrard fur Douglas, and went ashore jist as tho' they ment tew have him nommernated rite of. Then cum the fellurs from the Upper Mississip'—if yeou know where that place is, I deon't—and they hollurd fur Douglas, lickerty-split. A little more, I shud hav written Mr. Harper tew tell yeou and the folks tew go in fur Douglas any heow, but jist then along cum Mr. Slydel, and Mr. Bright, and Gen'ral Cushing, an' ses they, "Wait!" An' I wheighted.

Then cum Mistur Yancey, with a lot more ov regulur fire-eters, but mitey good fellers, I tell yeou, usin' lots of tobaccer, and talkin' kinder wild, but keepin' rite strate tew their work. They took a grate likin' tew me, and sed yeou wos a conservytiv man, and I wos your nephew. Ses I, "I beant nothin' else."

Well, the Douglas men talk'd mighty leoud, and sed wot they could dew, and when the convenshun went tew meetin' they rush'd off at a 2.40 gate, beound tew win. But Slydel winked at Gen'ral Cushin', and he put on the brakes, and then the chances got sort ov ballunced.

Neow, Uncle Jack, the old craft was then like that air schuner we wos in off Mount Desart. Deou yeou s'pose I was a goin' tew rite yeou to go in wun way or t'other, and have yeou cum eout and then have tew take the back track? Narry time. So I let um navigate, and build their platforms, usin' Wood or not, jist as they plezed. And tew day, fur the furst time, I sees daylite, and tain't Douglas. No, Sir! The fire-eters is tew much fur the Little Gianturs, stemeboats, principles, bands ov music, and outside dellergations, with New York dellergates and their substertutes and other female frends.



THE REPUBLICAN WIGWAM AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, IN WHICH THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION WILL BE HELD, MAY 16, 1860.

We ain't eout of the woods yit, and if there ain't an irrypresserble conflict here, there ain't none no where; but Slydel ses we're bound tew win, and the Southern fire-eters goin' eout has made 'em coax 'em back, and the dellergates that's got offisses hates tew loose them, they deou. Who blaims 'em?

It's sort ov thick and muggy tho', yet, and I swanny, sumtimes I think if we'd sent awl these old Sennerturs home, and let the fire-eters go, and go in for Douglas, we'd win. But Slydel ses no, and between yeou and I and the bed-post, if enny boddy but Douglas is nommernated, I'm beound to hev sumthin'. They've promised it tew me, sure, and I can't say no. So hold yure hosses a while.

Wa'al, we've had grate times here. Bocays, and dances, and icescreams, and strawberries, and fresh bandannas. It's a grate place fur good livin', I tell yeou.

We've had an editur's supper, tew, where mayor Wood made a speech, and he's a nice pretty looking sort ov a man, I tell yeou, and no sholdur hittur as Mister Greeley ses in his paper. I spoke as the assistant local reporter's assistant ov the Portland *Courier*, and got a furst rate supper fur nuthin' and mean to rite an account of it in full.

But I must stop, tho' I hain't begun. This letter ain't very clear, but it's the best I can deou, for things is mightyly squabbled up deown here. Keep shady on Douglas, and when yeou dew git the news, say I sed so, and hoorrar like fun. Your luvvin nephew till deth,

BENJAMIN DOWNING 3d.

[BY TELEGRAPH.]

P.S.—Convention's adjourned—Hold on ter my letter—don't go fur to print it. B. D.

[Impossible to gratify you, Mr. D——; the letter is in type, and must appear.—*Ed. Harper's Weekly.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1860.

THE BALANCE OF TRADE.

FOR the first time in history money is dearer in London, England, than in New York. Five per cent. is the Bank minimum in London; here, it is not easy to place large sums on desirable security at five. The newspapers and many of the bankers have been puzzled by the phenomenon; it is, however, easily accounted for.

We have shipped to Great Britain since January 1, from this port alone, about $7,000,000 more produce of various kinds than we shipped during the corresponding period of 1859, and upward of $7,000,000 more than the average of previous years. Our shipments of cotton from Southern ports have been still more largely in excess of former years. On the other hand, our imports are barely in excess of those of last year. The consequence is obvious: instead of having specie to remit to pay our debts, the course of exchange is, and has been for some time, really in favor of the United States, and money in New York is more abundant than it is in London.

Some of the papers argue that this is the first indication of a transfer of "financial centrality" from London to New York, and indulge in pleasing visions of a gorgeous future based upon that transfer. The realization of these hopes will largely depend on two movements: first, of the production of the precious metals in California and elsewhere, and secondly, the consumption of foreign luxuries by our people.

It seems to be generally expected that the yield of gold in California will not fall off, and that the silver mines lately discovered in that State will add largely to its exports of produce. If these expectations be realized, the United States will be quite likely to become creditors of the world. Especially will the silver mines of Washoe exercise a potent influence on our commercial relations, if they prove as rich as is asserted. Silver is badly wanted in Europe to pay the balance due to China and India for the commodities imported from beyond the Cape. For some years Great Britain has been obliged to buy silver from France and Germany, paying for it in American and Australian gold, in order to effect settlements at Calcutta, Hong Kong, and Shanghai. Should the Washoe mines produce $25,000,000 or $30,000,000 a year of silver—as the Californians seem to expect they will—most of this would go direct from San Francisco to China, and New York would become the great clearing-house for the trade between Asia and the commercial nations. Instead of our importers of tea buying bills on London to pay for their imports, as is now the case, the London tea merchants would pay for their cargoes by buying bills on New York—to be turned into silver at San Francisco. The effect of this upon the exchanges can readily be imagined.

But the real key to the future of this country will be found in the general consumption of foreign goods. We may produce twice as much as we do now; if we consume an equal or a greater amount of foreign luxuries, we shall be no richer than we are at present. This is a matter which comes home to every man, and which depends on the private expenditures of individuals. The dry-goods importers laugh at the newspaper critics who complain of over-importations. They say, and very justly, "We import what we can sell: we have sold to the jobbers our entire importation at prices which, on the average, are satisfactory to us; if we had more goods we could sell them: why expect us to reduce our orders when we can sell the goods at a profit?" To this reasoning there is no answer. The importers import enormously because they can sell to the jobbers; the jobbers increase their purchases twenty per cent. per annum because they can increase their sales to the trade in like proportion; the trade increase their orders because they find that the public is ready to take an increased quantity of goods. So we come down from the Custom-house millions to the affairs of Brown and Smith, whose wives buy an extra silk dress or a lace cap on the strength of the prosperity which Brown and Smith happen to enjoy.

If any check is to be given to the importation of foreign goods, the attack must be made at the root of the evil. We must appeal to Brown and Smith as individuals, and ask them not to spend so much in foreign finery. So long as they are willing to buy it will be idle to expect any curtailment on the part of dealers, jobbers, or importers. If Brown and Smith persist in their extravagance, all the eloquence and all the statistics in the world will not prevent the aggregate consumption of the country increasing fully as fast as the production. What hope there is of bringing Brown and Smith to reason is a problem. Our women, at present, seem so thoroughly rooted in habits of extravagance that the prospects of the economist appear pretty gloomy. Nowhere in the world are so fine toilets and such lavish display of silks, satins, laces, and jewelry to be witnessed as in Broadway. Women who, in foreign countries, would think themselves fortunate if they had $100 a year to dress on, spend $1000, and complain of "nothing to wear." One leads the other. Jones gives a $75 dress to his wife; hence Smith, Robinson, Timpkins, and Brown are all mulcted in a like amount for a similar folly. The Miss Briggses have new spring silks and $20 hats; how can the Miss Spriggses, and the Diggses, and Higgses, and the Griggses do without an equal show of finery? So we go on, and hence the dry-goods import for 1859 was $113,000,000, and an export of $70,000,000 was needed to pay for it. Did it ever occur to Jones, when he was threatened with a rejection of his paper at bank and a 1-per-cent.-a-week money-market, that those fine dresses of the Misses J., and their new cloaks and stylish hats were the real cause of his terrible trouble?

This extravagance of the American female is working in two ways. First, it is causing an enormous increase in our imports of foreign goods, and impeding our natural tendency to become the central commercial nation of the world; and secondly, it is operating against marriages, and yielding a magnificent crop of old maids. Look at the thing in detail. Old Smith, who has three daughters and a handsome income, lets them dress as other girls do in his set; they spend, for silk, bareges, French muslin, and other dresses, hats, cloaks, gloves, etc., etc., etc., $1000 to $1500 per annum apiece—eating year by year into their father's capital. Whom are these damsels to marry? Evidently nature intended them for young Thomson, Johnson, and Robinson, the first two of whom are active young clerks at $1500 @ $2000 a year, and the third a broker, just started, with no end of vitality, and pluck, and good temper, and good looks—but with no money. But do you suppose that men of the sense of T., J., and R. are going to marry young women whose clothing costs as much as their whole income? Of course not. They either remain bachelors, and fall into bad habits, or they marry country girls—which happens less frequently than the former contingency. Meanwhile the lovely Miss Smiths go down to posterity immaculate and well-dressed virgins. If the census of 1860 tell the truth, the number of these virgins will be found to have vastly increased since 1850. And it must increase steadily until, as is the case in France, no girl can hope for a husband unless she can bring him at least money enough to dress herself and her children.

The subject is worthy the consideration of fathers and husbands. No man who allows his daughters or his wife to spend large sums on dress can complain if a panic breaks him; for he is one of the authors and creators of the panic. And young ladies who spend thousands on their dress must make up their minds that every fine toilet they wear rebuffs some good man who might have made them happy wives, and is one more step toward the degree of old maid, to which all our fashionable belles are tending.

ANENT THE PRIZE-FIGHT.

A MEDICAL friend writes us a letter in reference to our article on the late brutal prize-fight in England. He says that prize-fighters are all short-lived; most of them die before they are thirty-five, and hardly any live to be forty-five years of age. It seems that the blows which they are accustomed to receive on the body engender a variety of diseases. Blows on the upper part of the chest cause lesions of the lungs resembling tubercular affections, and equally fatal in their character. Blows on the lower part of the chest cause diseases of the kidneys, inflammations, and dropsy—the latter being the disease of which most pugilists die. One can readily understand that these organs are liable to fatal injury from such severe and unnatural maltreatment as they receive in prize-fighting. He adds that no prudent Insurance Company will issue a policy on the life of a prize-fighter; for, independently of the diseases above mentioned, and of the chances of death in the ring, the danger of rupture from the unnatural exertions which prize-fighters make renders their lives very "bad ones." So much for the beneficial effect of prize-fighting on the system.

THE ALMS-HOUSE RAT.

THE Rat which devoured the new-born child of Mary Connor is a type in his way. He personifies the corruption and waste and gross profligacy which corrode the public charities of New York. He eats—not only new-born children at Bellevue Hospital, but—beef and bread at the Alms-house, Champagne and brandy at the Penitentiary, sheets and muslin at the Work-house. He is ubiquitous and omnivorous. The new Commissioners of Public Charities will meet him at every turn. If they examine the accounts of any of the institutions on Blackwell's Island—with the single exception of the Lunatic Asylum, where rats are not permitted to have their swing—they will find him looming up in every column. If he were a modest rat of ordinary appetite, he might be tolerated. If he ate nothing but new-born babies, his gross tastes might be deplored in silence. But the rascal costs so much to feed; he eats so much beef, and rice, and corn, and bread, and molasses, and sugar, and tea; he drinks so much brandy, and Heidsieck, and sherry, and beer; he requires so many sheets, and yards of muslin, and flannel, and linen—that really it becomes a question whether it would not be wise for the city to compromise with him, and get rid of him forever. A clever naturalist sends us a calculation which goes to show that this Alms-house Rat costs half a million a year to keep. Would he take two millions, and cry quits?

Mr. Simeon Draper, the new head of these Charities, will have to put the case to the Rat, and make the best bargain he can. Mr. Draper has the reputation of a shrewd man, but we venture to say that the Rat will outwit him. He is so cunning an animal (see Buckland on Rats)—he has so many political friends—he is so firmly rooted in the Alms-house and its departments, that we are not sanguine of Mr. Draper's success. We are inclined to think that, even if the Rat himself be sacrificed, Mr. Draper will let the Rat's cousins and uncles and nephews continue to feed upon the city. We shall see when the accounts come in. Meanwhile, with the highest confidence in Mr. Draper's integrity, we don't believe he will scotch that Rat.

☞ OUR acknowledgments are due to Adams's Southern Express, and to many kind friends at Charleston, for favors shown to our artist correspondent in that city during the Democratic Convention.

THE LOUNGER.

MANLY ARTS.

THE main question of Pugilism was argued fully and decisively in the editorial columns of the last number of the *Weekly*. But now that the great event is over, and the public mind of two empires is comparatively at rest, we can more intelligently survey the field of so much gore and glory, and more justly estimate the invaluable advantages that have accrued to the cause of civilization, good morals, and humane heroism. While the gentle knights were in training, the *Saturday Review*, a kind of Guy Livingstone among journals, an aristocratic "swell," informed mankind, and especially the pious public of England, of which the *Review* is so fast a friend, that "Tom Sayers and the Benicia Boy furnish at the present moment an example which deserves to be generally imitated." What a volley of admiring expletives the *Saturday Review* must have emitted on the day after the fight, when the great argument was fulfilled, and the heroic purpose for which the two gentlemen were preparing, when they furnished the high example, was accomplished! For if a man is so worthy of all praise when he is merely getting ready to break the nose, and ribs, and lay open the cheek of his adversary, how beyond eulogy must he be when he is actually doing it! If he be great when he is merely moulding his arm into a vice for his opponent's neck, how grand he appears when that opponent's neck is breaking there, and his equally admirable face is growing black! The London *Times*, taking up the wondrous tale after the encounter, may well say, with graceful complacency, "that nations without great qualities could not have brought together two men willing to pass through such an ordeal as the terrible fight of Tuesday." Mr. Sayers having been born, as is alleged, in Ireland, and Mr. Heenan, according to the excellent authority of (we believe) the same great Journal, "at Benicia, in the Troy district of the United States," it is indeed magnanimous in the *Times* to celebrate the glory of America and Ireland. But whatever the number of countries and towns that may emulously claim the birth of these two heroes, it remains an incontestable fact that Mr. Heenan and Mr. Sayers, by striking each other with mawleys and bunches of fives upon the head, the nut, the cone, the conk, the cannister, the noddle, the mug, the knowledge-box; the nose, the sneezer, the snorer, the snuffer, the snuff-tray, the nozzle, the mazzard; the eyes, the ogles, the optics, the peepers; the mouth, the kisser, the whistler, the oration-trap; thereby drawing the blood, the claret, the ruby, the crimson, the home-brewed, the gravy; besides knocking the knocker off his pins, his pegs, his stumps, and his foundation, and, finally, boring, fibbing, and sending each other to grass, have proved the "great qualities" of their respective nations: establishing beyond question the humanity, the self-sacrifice, the refinement, the fraternal sympathy, the wise brain, the true heart, the grave persistent moderation, which are, indeed, the "great" qualities of nations.

And if any added proof of these qualities had been required, would they not have been at once found in the universal and profound interest excited in both countries by the prospect of the hideous and bloody mutilation of two human beings—an interest so indicative of "great qualities" that it inspired not a solitary effort to prevent the consummation, except that of some local magistrate who laid bail at two hundred and fifty dollars? The most judicious will allow that the eager curiosity which drives thousands of people to a public execution does not more undeniably prove the "great qualities" of a nation than the keen zest with which the fight was expected and enjoyed.

But these are made still more potent, and the manliness of the business is brought into still stronger relief by the rush of the mob which broke up the encounter. Mr. Heenan, of the Troy district, had got the head of Mr. Sayers, of Ireland, into chancery. That is fair, as the laws of the Prize Ring are expounded. Having that head in chancery, Mr. Heenan, by the rules of the institution which proves "great qualities" in nations, had the perfect right to punch it with his mawleys and his bunches of fives, and of course to exert the strength necessary to retain it in a proper position to operate feasibly upon it. If during that necessary exertion the proprietor of the head succumbed to the exigency of the situation and suffocated, it was his misfortune and the chance of war, so long as he was not upon the ground; but he enjoyed the serene and gratifying consciousness, as he ceased to breathe, that he was in the very act of proving "great qualities" in his nation, as the London *Times* would not fail duly to set forth.

This was not the result. The mob, intent upon fair play, seeing their favorite worsted, interfered. But so subtle is the virtue of the institution that it is all the same, and "great qualities," including, of course, love of fair play, remain proved as before.

At the games of Greece Herodotus recited his history, poets sang, and philosophers discoursed, making the "great qualities" of Greece immortal—two centuries ago, John Hampden, Champion of England, quietly defied a brutal despotism, and the "great qualities" of his country dethroned a foolish king—at Valley Forge the naked feet of American soldiers printed the "great qualities" of a young nation in blood upon the frozen snow—in our calmer and more enlightened day two men, without a quarrel, having become as muscularly like wild beasts as possible, fight with more than brutal ferocity, and are borne blind, giddy, bloody, mutilated out of human semblance, from the field, amidst the applause and excited attention of the two great Christian civilized nations of the world, having thereby proved the "great qualities" of those nations.

How truly sang the sacred Psalmist, "Thou madest him a little lower than the angels."

THE NEWS.

WHEN the savage king broke the thermometer because the mercury went too high or too low, and would not stay where he chose, he did not affect the weather; the temperature remained precisely the same as before. In like manner, an editor may ignore the news, and omit to allude to it; but he does not annihilate the news by so doing: he merely destroys the value of his paper.

For a newspaper—a journal which professes to tell what interests the public mind—must print the news. That news may be very disagreeable; but what then? It is very melancholy and disheartening and disgusting that members of Congress should give each other the lie, and make speeches when they are drunk; but if they do, it is matter of news, and whoever wishes to read the news must encounter that. It is very disgusting when your peach-trees are in full bloom, in the month of May, that a frost should blight their promise. Do you expect to have any more peaches because you break your thermometer?

A journal is a meter of the times. You look at it, and you see precisely the present point of interest, and compute how high and how low civilization is rising or falling. It may indicate the zero of degradation, or the summer heat of Christian sympathy. But it marks the point irrespective of you and of your acts. You may tear it to pieces, you may curse it, or you may shut your eyes. But the world will not be better because you are angry at being told that it is bad. Except, indeed, as it incites you to help it forward; and that result you owe to consulting your meter, not to contemning it. If in a time of infection people should agree never to betray when they had the plague-spot, because it was such an unpleasant business, the spirit of the pestilence would chuckle with delight as he swept away his victims. If our civilization has plague-spots, do you suppose we shall help the matter by decorously covering them up? A journal of news which should refrain from speaking of the central subject of public interest, whatever it were, would be stultified and deserve the failure which would infallibly overtake it. And to speak

of that news intelligently to its readers, it must tell them what it is talking about. In other words, it must relate the news as it really stands.

Every wise man wants to deal with the facts of the case. If there has been a brutal fight, how can its brutality be so impressed upon the mind of the public as by telling the truth of the matter? It slips over a general statement as it does over all crime and sin in the general. It is the individual detail that arouses and arrests the reader. That there are rats in the Bellevue Hospital is something over which he shakes his head. That the rats in Bellevue Hospital, upon a specified night, half-devoured the new-born infant of Mary Connor, is something that shakes his heart, and stirs him up to help extirpate all rats, of the brute or human kinds, from the public property. In like manner, if he read that there was a prize-fight in England in which the result was undecided, he sighs vaguely over the brutality of such matters? but if he read that "with a fearful blow Sayers cut Heenan's left cheek open and blinded one eye, while the blood spirted out from an immense gash," he is excited to make an active protest in the name of decency and humanity, and feels quite strong enough to tell his neighbor, who has bet twenty dollars on the fight, what he thinks of the brutalizing process as applied to human beings.

This doctrine has been often laid down in this paper, and last week the leading editorial paragraph was a brief and forcible statement of it. But the Lounger has heard so much censure of the conduct of "respectable papers" in alluding to the fight or describing it, that he wishes to remind the reader of the principle upon which the intelligent conduct of a journal which professes to treat matters of current public interest must rest. It does not follow that every thing which happens every where is to be described in all its details—for every thing that happens is not news; and the editor's discretion will decree the line at which public morality and decency will arrest his presentation of the news. He may justly describe the details of a battle, but he will decide where to stop. For one, the Lounger will frankly confess that one such picture as that of the French soldier sitting starving in the snow, with the head of his frozen son in his breast, is a more powerful argument than many mild sermons upon the horrors of war; and his detestation of a prize-fight is a hundred-fold intenser since he saw some fearfully vivid representations of the actual personal mutilation of such an encounter. We do not get out of difficulties by shuddering at them, but by looking them squarely in the face. A prize-fight may be a loathsome spectacle, but the point is that millions of people are interested in it. Let every man, then, in every way, comprehend what a prize-fight is, and it will the sooner disappear from our history.

WAIFS.

These two poems, which have never been published, need no other introduction than the names of their authors, Washington Irving and Emily Brontë, Charlotte's sister, and known as Ellis Bell. Irving's verses have the graceful pensiveness of a companion of Tom Moore; and Emily Brontë's that gloom which pervaded all the sisters wrote, and which hung, like a fateful cloud, over their lives.

WRITTEN IN THE DEEPDENE ALBUM.

Thou record of the votive throng,
That fondly seek this fairy shrine,
And pay the tribute of a song
Where worth and loveliness combine—

What boots that I, a vagrant wight
From clime to clime still wandering on,
Upon thy friendly page should write
—Who'll think of me when I am gone?

Go plow the wave, and sow the sand;
Throw seed to every wind that blows;
Along the highway strew thy hand,
And fatten on the crop that grows.

For even thus the man that roams
On heedless hearts his feeling spends;
Strange tenant of a thousand homes,
And friendless, with ten thousand friends!

Yet here, for once, I'll leave a trace,
To ask in aftertimes a thought;
To say that here a resting-place
My wayworn heart has fondly sought.

So the poor pilgrim heedless strays,
Unmoved, through many a region fair;
But at some shrine his tribute pays,
To tell that he has worshiped there.

Washington Irving.

June 24, 1822.

THE OUTCAST MOTHER.

I've seen this dell in July's shine,
As lovely as an angel's dream;
Above—Heaven's depth of blue divine,
Around—the evening's golden beam.

I've seen the purple heather-bell
Look out by many a storm-worn stone;
And, oh! I've known such music swell—
Such wild notes wake these passes lone—

So soft, yet so intensely felt;
So low, yet so distinctly heard;
My breath would pause, my eyes would melt,
And tears would dew the green heath-sward.

I'd linger here a summer day,
Nor care how fast the hours flew by;
Nor mark the sun's departing ray
Smile sadly from the dark'ning sky.

Then, then, I might have laid me down,
And dreamed my sleep would gentle be;
I might have left thee, darling one,
And thought thy God was guarding thee!

But now there is no wand'ring glow,
No gleam to say that God is nigh;
And coldly spreads the couch of snow,
And harshly sounds thy lullaby.

Forests of heather, dark and long,
Wave their brown branching arms above;
And they must soothe thee with their song,
And they must shield my child of love.

Alas! the flakes are heavily falling,
They cover fast each guardian crest;
And chilly white their shroud is palling
Thy frozen limbs and freezing breast.

Wakes up the storm more madly wild,
The mountain drifts are tossed on high:
Farewell, unbless'd, unfriended child,
I can not bear to watch thee die!

E. J. Brontë.

Haworth, *July* 12, 1839.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

On the recent Irish trials the counsel was desirous to obtain an admission from a witness of the Crown that, having himself been one of the sworn members of the League, he had been bribed to become a spy on the others. Having vainly labored for nearly an hour to get a reply, he said, "Come, now, Sir, did you not come direct from these men to Dublin, on Monday last?"—"I did so," promptly answered the witness. "Well, Sir, that is direct, at all events. Now, Sir, will you tell me, in as brief a way as possible, what motive brought you here?"—"The *loco*-motive, to be sure."

The following story gives a lively idea of how the Russians govern Poland. A Jew met a Cossack in the forest, and the latter robbed him of his horse. On returning to the town he lodged a complaint with the major in command, who was (with what truth we shall see) reported to be a most rigorous disciplinarian. The Cossacks were paraded, the robber was pointed out, when, with the utmost effrontery, he remarked that he had *found* the horse. "How?" replied the Jew. "I was upon his back!"—"Yes," retorted the Cossack; "I found you, too; but having no use for a Jew, I did not keep you." The excuse was admitted, and the poor Israelite was dismissed, minus his steed.

Apropos of the recent *mill* between Sayers and Heenan, the rage for muscular exercise, and a knowledge of the science of putting out one's left, is not alone confined to the shoulder-hitters by profession. The professors of the "manly art of self-defense" are reaping a harvest from the young bloods about town, in the way of fees for *training*. A novel expedient for "raising the wind" without the *quid pro quo* is shown up by the experience of Billy M——t and Jim M——, two as good fellows and regular trumps as ever lounged in the lobbies at the Academy of Music or whirled through the mazes of the German in Mr. Gunnybags's brown stone front on —— Square. Sworn friends and special admirers of fine arts, black and tans, and the P. R., that is the perfection of physical beauty, they determined to testify their appreciation of fine development of the chest, and improve their *muscle* by a series of lessons in shoulder-hitting science. They devoted themselves to that celebrated master of the art, "Dublin Tricks"—his terms, by-the-way, are fifteen dollars for twelve lessons, *invariably in advance*, which our friends, of course, complied with. First lesson went off beautifully; Billy and Jim descanted eloquently on "*counter-hits*," "putting in your left," and all the little scientific dodges. Heenan, Sayers, Morrissey, Bill Toree, Aaron Jones, Buffalo Bill, etc., etc., were household words; their merits freely canvassed, to the great delight and admiration of attentive listeners, at the —— Club. Our amateurs attended their second lesson. The philosopher must judge for himself, placing cause and effect, especially the *effect*, in a theoretical diagram in his own mind. Dublin gave first one, then the other, *counter-hits*, and *hits* not exactly described, over the proboscis, that produced a refreshing effusion of claret, saying nothing of aches and pains (besides, somebody "dropped"—it wasn't Dublin Tricks). The young admirers of the manly art did not come to the *scratch* when *time* was called; they *neglected* to take any more lessons, *notwithstanding they had paid in advance*. Sum total: two lessons each, thirty dollars; or fifteen dollars apiece. Ahem! When Jim sees this he needn't mind. We don't drink—we'll take a cigar.

Some time in January last, on one of our "splendid Mississippi steamers," a couple of gentlemen commenced a political discussion; one being an Administration Democrat, and the other Southern "Opposition." Of course the Douglas Territorial Doctrine was not long in being introduced. After a considerable time was consumed in explaining the position of the two parties represented, our Opposition friend demanded "the exact difference between Mr. Douglas and the Administration on Slavery in the Territories."

"My dear Sir," said Administration, "the difference is so patent—"

"I knew it!" exclaimed the other, interrupting, in a very loud tone, and raising himself from his chair, extending both hands excitedly; "I knew it!—got a patent for it! Yes, Sir, they can get a patent for any thing these days!"

The company laughed immoderately; and "Administration" made his escape in the general confusion.

A SINTIMENT.

About a dozen years ago a respectable Irish military company was organized in Lowell, Massachusetts, and named the "Jackson Musketeers." During its brief existence they met to spend a social evening. After the supper was disposed of a prominent member was called up to speak, and responded as follows:

"Mr. Prisident, I am no spach-maker, but will give you a sintiment—'The Jackson Musketeers! equal *to* none; the *last* on the field, and the *first* to leave!'"

It is needless to add that he intended to say that the company was equaled *by* none; the *first* on the field, and the *last* to leave.

Roberts, the tragedian, recently filled an engagement at a theatre in the "interior." His Richard the Third was witnessed by one of the critics, native of that region, who gave it as his opinion that the actor's conception of the character was good—very good indeed; but his form was not suited to playing the part of a king. He was not large enough; something was the matter with one of his legs; and he was a little humpbacked!

"I was once in the 'tea and sugar line,' and among the 'boys' about the establishment was one about twelve years of age, and it was my duty to try and initiate him into the mysteries of our trade, he being fresh from the Emerald Isle. I found it rather a difficult task. I had been busy for some time in getting the word 'hogshead' incorporated into his limited vocabulary, and had at last succeeded, when my eyes resting for a moment upon a barrel, I asked him what he called *that?* His eyes wandered for a minute from the hogshead to the barrel, when, with a gleam of triumph lighting up his features, he replied, very promptly, 'It's a *pigshead!*'"

"'A Mis'able Nigger.'—My friend asked Anthony Rox, a superb engine-driver on the Ohio River, how he came to get free. 'Why, Massa Vincent, my health was berry bad when I was in Kentucky; I couldn't do no kind of work; I was berry feeble: 'twas jes as much as I could do to hoe my own garden and eat de sass; and de Missus what owned me see dat I was a mis'able nigger—one of the mis'ablest kind. So I said to her, "Missus, I'm a mis'able nigger, and I ain't worth nothing, and I think you'd better sell me, I'm such a mis'able nigger." Now, Massa Vincent, I was such a poor nigger that Missus 'greed to sell me for a hundred dollars, and I 'greed to try to work and earn de money to pay her, and I did; and my health has been gittin' better eber since, and I specks I made 'bout nine hundred dollars dat time out of dat nigger. Wah! wah! Massa Vincent!'"

Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion, that they awoke a big dog which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! you know no more about it than they do."

Getting an Invitation.—Rev. Mr. S—— had traveled far to preach to a congregation at ——. After the sermon he waited very patiently expecting some one of the brethren to invite him home to dinner. In this he was disappointed. One and another departed, until the house was almost as empty as the minister's stomach. Summoning resolution, however, he walked up to an elderly gentleman, and gravely said, "Will you go home with me to-day for dinner, brother?" "Where do you live?" "About twenty miles from this, Sir." "No," said the man, coloring; "but *you* must go home with me." "Thank you—I will, cheerfully." After that time the minister was no more troubled in that place about dinner.

Paddy Malone went to his priest and asked him, "What is a *meracle*, your riverince?" The priest asked him several questions, and found he had been to the revival meetings and heard strange talk. He was mighty mad, and telling Paddy to stand out before him, he gave the poor fellow a tremendous kick in the rear.

"Did it hurt you?" asked the priest.

"To be sure it did," says Paddy.

"And it would have been a *meracle* if it didn't," replied his reverence; with which Paddy walked away—answered, but not satisfied.

While spending the summer, several years ago, at a well-known gay and fashionable watering-place, I was amused by a story that was told of a little boy, Dannie P——, a three-yearling, who was spending the summer there with his parents.

His nurse had undressed him, and little Dannie had quietly snugged himself in bed, when his mother, who was sick, reminded Sarah that he had not said his prayers. Upon kneeling down and beginning to repeat "Our Father" he stopped suddenly, and jumping up, said, "Sarah, there's no use in saying my prayers here: *there is no God up here!*" And so, indeed, seemed to think many an older person than Dannie at that gay and fashion-worshiping watering-place.

A reverend gentleman, who lives less than a thousand miles from "somewhere," has a daughter now in her fifth year. While in his study, a few days ago, preparing his sermon for the coming Sunday, he was interrupted by the entrance of his little "bud of promise," who, with an anxious, inquiring look, said, "Papa, what was Moses's wife's name?" and then added, instantly, "I know she was a Miss Jethro, papa, but what was her other name?"

In a quiet country village in the Far West of Canada there lives a family which rejoices in the high-sounding and aristocratic name of Bullock. The members of this family also at one time rejoiced in the habit of coming to church as late as they conveniently could; and as their pew is situated near to the chancel, they, on entering, attracted considerable notice, and distracted the attention of the congregation. On one occasion the first lesson happened to be the 23d chapter of Numbers, describing the cursing of Israel by Balaam. Just as the clergyman had uttered the words, "Prepare me here seven bullocks," seven of the Bullock family entered, and marched up the aisle in a row to their seat. The unavoidable consequence was, as may have been supposed, an audible titter throughout the whole church, from joining in which even the clergyman could with difficulty refrain. It is almost needless to add that the unfortunate victims of a strange coincidence have, since that Sunday, been more punctual in their attendance at church.

"We have on our farm an old Dutchman called Jake, who is quite an original. A month or so ago he went up the river to get a pop at some ducks, taking a fine gun with him, which he valued very highly. But he had not been gone long before we saw him paddling back. When he landed we asked him what brought him back so soon. 'Vy, you see, I had shust picked up my cun ven de vatter shaked mine poat and knocks de cun overboard, und I comes back to get de oyster tongs to catch it.' 'But how do you know the exact spot, Jake?' 'Oh, I got him. Just look here: I have marked de place.' We looked, and found a big scratch in the bottom of the boat which Jake had made when the gun went overboard. However, Jake never found the gun, and declares the tide must have 'vashed it avay.'"

Drawing an Inference.—A young clergyman who had delivered a discourse in the place of an aged brother minister, requested the opinion of the latter respecting it. "Oh!" said he, plainly, "many of the words you used were beyond the comprehension of your hearers; thus, for instance, the word 'inference;' perhaps not half of my parishioners understood its meaning." "Inference! inference!" exclaimed the other; "why, every one must understand that." "I think you will find it not so. There's my clerk, now; he prides himself upon his learning—and, in truth, is very intelligent. We will try him. Zechariah, my brother here wishes you to draw an inference; can you do it?" "Why, I'm pretty strong; but Johanadab, the coachman, is stronger than I. I'll ask him." Zechariah went out a few moments to look after the coachman, and returned: "Johanadab says he never has tried to draw an inference, Sir; but he reckons his horses can draw any thing that the traces will hold."

One day last summer the passers-by of a fancy-cake bakery in a Western town were mystified by the following card, hung at the window:

WEEDING CAKE.

Every person passing stopped to read it, and wondered at its meaning.

In about a week it was altered by the scratching out of one of the E's, and it now tells the passer-by that they have wedding cake to sell.

MY AQUARIUM.

The aquarium, which but a few years ago was comparatively unknown in this country, has now become one of the popular amusements of the day; and as the season is now drawing near when the materials for stocking an aquarium may best be procured, a few hints, deduced from my own experience, might perhaps be of some use to the young naturalist embarking upon his first scientific voyage.

I shall take the salt-water aquarium for my subject, as in that only have my observations been made; and for many reasons the salt possesses a superiority over the fresh water aquarium, which any one living in the vicinity of New York or Brooklyn, or any other of our maritime cities, can not but observe.

My aquarium was commenced at Newport during the summer of eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, and at the present moment it is as clear as the purest crystal, the water having been changed but twice, previous to and after its transportation to the city.

One remark is needful for the young beginner; that is, Be cautious. Do not be too hasty in stocking your aquarium; wait a few days for your young plants to be fairly domiciled in their new habitation, or you will meet with the same ill-fortune which attended me upon my first attempt to naturalize the finny monsters of the deep.

Having procured a large China foot-tub, and cleansing the white sand and stones from their impurities, I proceeded to stock my aquarium. First, I dropped in some whelks or snails, to the number of fourteen, then some shrimps, half a dozen fish, and innumerable quantities of star-fish, which I had picked up on the rocks. With this medley it was transported to my room with great satisfaction; which, alas! did not last long, for the next morning the water had lost its crystalline purity, and by night a peculiar phosphorescent gleam might be observed on agitating the tank.

The morning, alas! revealed a deplorable state of things. There were my poor fishes lying dead on the surface of the water; the star-fish, with their bony five fingers, lying listlessly at the bottom; and the whole undergoing putrefaction as rapidly as possible in the hot temperature of a summer's day. So I consigned my poor pets to the ash-heap, and set about preparing for another. This time I procured a tank, and, assisted by the "Aquarium"—a book by Gosse, and with hints from a young lady, whose writings on this subject have been read and admired by many—I succeeded at last in establishing my aquarium upon a firm basis.

As before, I cleaned the stones and gravel from their impurities, and having arranged my rock-work, I poured in the water, drawn at high-tide, and allowed to stand overnight. A few plants of sea-lettuce, *ulva latissima*, and two or three clumps of *corallina officinalis*, constituted the marine shrubbery of the aquarium: it was then left for three days at rest.

At the end of that time a few snails and soldier-crabs were added, then a couple of actiniæ; and thus adding two or three specimens daily, until my aquarium consisted of about forty inmates, apparently happy and satisfied with their new abode.

It is not for me to designate the numerous species of plants and animals which thrive and increase in an aquarium. Many of these are not immediately accessible to the city youth; but, doubtless, he can interest some friend who lives by the sea-side that will gladly transmit to him those species which he is unable to procure.

In a tin pail, half filled with water and fresh sea-weed, I have preserved specimens for three or four days. They were, however, of the lower class of animals that require less air. Fish will not live long in a confined state.

Having first procured your tank, and carefully washed it, lay your sand, well purified, on the bottom to the depth of one inch. In the arrangement of the rock-work your own taste is the best guide. By some persons a back-ground, composed of stones and shells covered with moss, is preferred; and by others the arch, or stones, placed in such a manner as to form an angle, under which the sportive minnow and the sluggish eel love to congregate.

Specimens of *ulva latissima* can be collected on New York Bay, near Owl's Head, a short distance from Brooklyn. The pleasant shores of Bay Ridge furnish innumerable quantities of buccinæ or snails, together with varieties of the common minnow. Here also have I found the serpula, with its plumed coronet, the lazy horse-shoe, and one or two small specimens of the flat-fish or flounder. Shrimps can be procured at any fish-market, and a small pond of brackish water at the foot of Third Street, Brooklyn, will furnish you with stickle-backs.

The finest actiniæ I have ever procured in the vicinity of New York were at Staten Island, near the first landing; and although I have seen specimens of fine ones on the piers at the various ferries, I have never had the good fortune to procure one.

Thus, with but little expense and much pleasure, one can have as fine an aquarium as can be procured; and the rocks and sea-weed, which were looked on with disgust, will shine with undiscovered beauties when placed in your miniature ocean.

THE CITY OF CHICAGO, ILL.

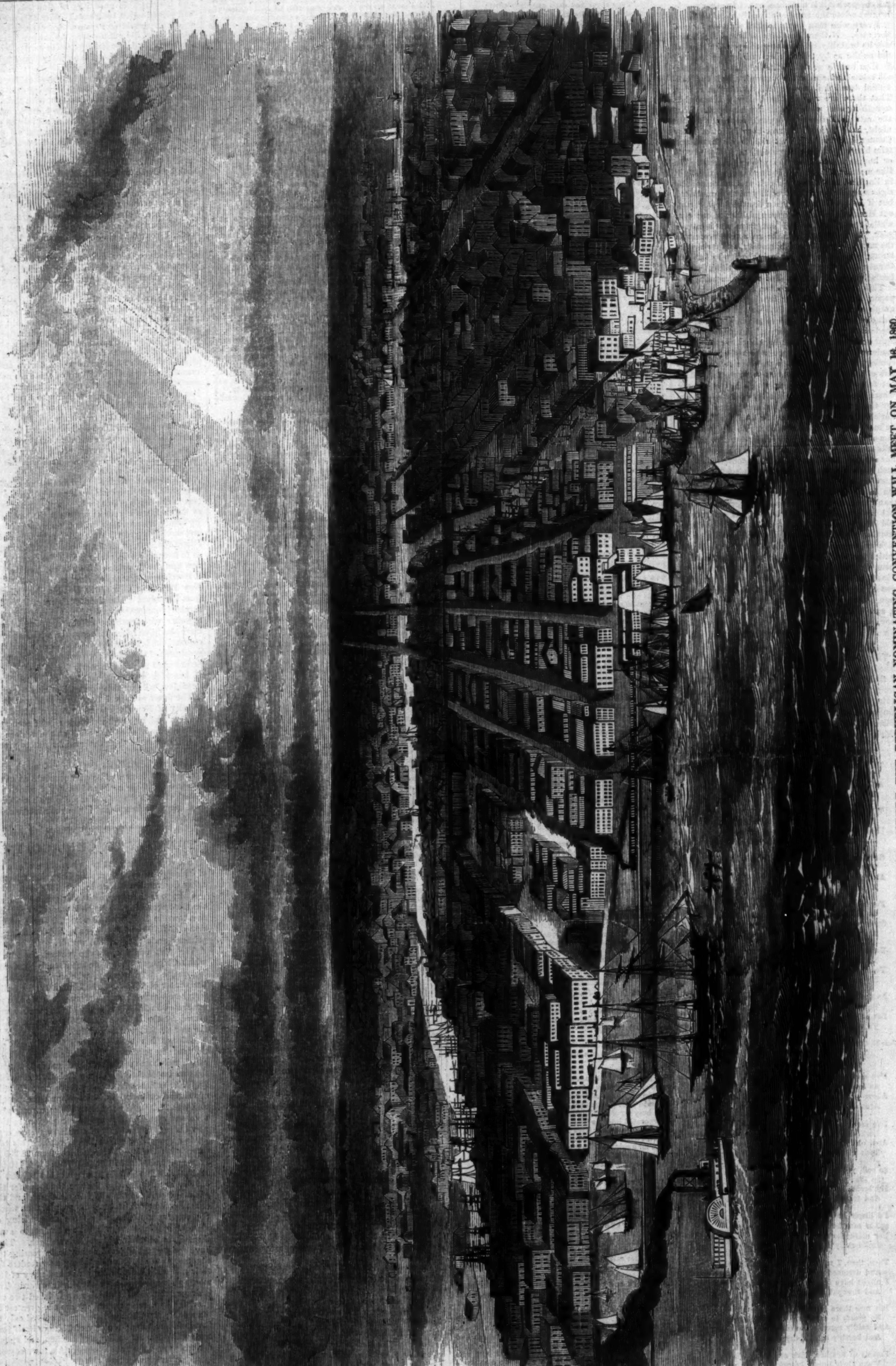
We give on the next page a picture of the city of Chicago, Illinois, where the Republican Nominating Convention will be held on 16th inst.

Chicago is the youngest of our great cities, and the most promising. Though it was only organized as a town in 1833, with 28 voters, it has a population of 140,000 or 150,000 souls, and is the largest primary grain dépôt in the world.

The first white men who visited the site on which Chicago stands were the French Missionary Marquette and his party, who encamped there in the winter of 1674–5. The United States built a fort there—called Fort Dearborn—in 1804; this was evacuated in 1814, and many of the garrison massacred by the Indians close to the walls. After the war the fort was reoccupied.

Chicago has been built up by railroads and the trade in produce. The Illinois and Michigan canal, which was opened for business in 1848, gave the first impetus to the city, which then contained 20,000 inhabitants. In 1850 there were 40 miles of railroad centering in Chicago, and the population was 28,200. The various Western roads were vigorously pushed forward to completion, so that now Chicago is the heart of a railway system comprising upward of 4000 miles of road. This told directly on the population, which, from 28,200 in 1850, rose to 38,733 in 1852, 65,872 in 1854, 110,000 in 1856, 130,000 in 1858, and probably 140,000 or 150,000 now. The city became the focus for the grain and produce trade of Illinois, Iowa, and the other Far Western States. Its people, than whom the country contains none more enterprising or more energetic, have not been content to avail themselves of their natural advantages. They have spent great sums of money in increasing the channels of trade, in establishing new feeders for their railroads, in building an inland navy of immense strength—and they have their reward. The Chicago granaries (of which we published two engravings in a recent number) are the greatest in the world; the Chicago hotels rank second only to those of New York; the city of Chicago itself presents evidences of wealth, and luxury, and splendor which no one expects to meet in a town scarcely a quarter of a century old.

We congratulate the Republicans on the hospitable treatment which is in store for them in the Queen City of the West.



THE CITY OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, WHERE THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATING CONVENTION WILL MEET ON MAY 16, 1860.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

THE next event that occurred was of so singular a nature that it might have caused me a feeling of superstitious surprise, if my mind had not been fortified by principle against any pagan weakness of that sort. The uneasy sense of something wrong in the family, which had made me wish myself away from Blackwater Park, was actually followed, strange to say, by my departure from the house. It is true that my absence was for a temporary period only; but the coincidence was, in my opinion, not the less remarkable on that account.

My departure took place under the following circumstances:

On the day when the servants all left I was again sent for to see Sir Percival. The undeserved slur which he had cast on my management of the household did not, I am happy to say, prevent me from returning good for evil to the best of my ability, by complying with his request as readily and respectfully as ever. It cost me a struggle with that fallen nature which we all share in common before I could suppress my feelings. Being accustomed to self-discipline, I accomplished the sacrifice.

I found Sir Percival and Count Fosco sitting together again. On this occasion his lordship remained present at the interview, and assisted in the development of Sir Percival's views.

The subject to which they now requested my attention related to the healthy change of air by which we all hoped that Miss Halcombe and Lady Glyde might soon be enabled to profit. Sir Percival mentioned that both the ladies would probably pass the autumn (by invitation of Frederick Fairlie, Esquire) at Limmeridge House, Cumberland. But before they went there, it was his opinion, confirmed by Count Fosco (who here took up the conversation and continued it to the end), that they would benefit by a short residence first in the genial climate of Torquay. The great object, therefore, was to engage lodgings at that place affording all the comforts and advantages of which they stood in need; and the great difficulty was to find an experienced person capable of choosing the sort of residence which they wanted. In this emergency the Count begged to inquire, on Sir Percival's behalf, whether I would object to give the ladies the benefit of my assistance by proceeding myself to Torquay in their interests.

It was impossible for a person in my situation to meet any proposal made in these terms with a positive objection.

I could only venture to represent the serious inconvenience of my leaving Blackwater Park in the extraordinary absence of all the in-door servants with the one exception of Margaret Porcher. But Sir Percival and his lordship declared that they were both willing to put up with inconvenience for the sake of the invalids. I next respectfully suggested writing to an agent at Torquay; but I was met here by being reminded of the imprudence of taking lodgings without first seeing them. I was also informed that the Countess (who would otherwise have gone to Devonshire herself) could not, in Lady Glyde's present condition, leave her niece; and that Sir Percival and the Count had business to transact together which would oblige them to remain at Blackwater Park. In short, it was clearly shown me that if I did not undertake the errand no one else could be trusted with it. Under these circumstances I could only inform Sir Percival that my services were at the disposal of Miss Halcombe and Lady Glyde.

It was thereupon arranged that I should leave the next morning, that I should occupy the day after in examining all the most convenient houses in Torquay, and that I should return, with my report, on the third day. A memorandum was written for me by his lordship, stating the various requisites which the place I was sent to take must be found to possess; and a note of the pecuniary limit assigned to me was added by Sir Percival.

My own idea, on reading over these instructions, was, that no such residence as I saw described could be found at any watering-place in England; and that, even if it could by chance be discovered, it would certainly not be parted with for any period on such terms as I was permitted to offer. I hinted at these difficulties to both the gentlemen, but Sir Percival (who undertook to answer me) did not appear to feel them. It was not for me to dispute the question. I said no more; but I felt a very strong conviction that the business on which I was sent away was so beset by difficulties that my errand was almost hopeless at starting.

Before I left I took care to satisfy myself that Miss Halcombe was going on favorably.

There was a painful expression of anxiety in her face which made me fear that her mind on first recovering itself was not at ease. But she was certainly strengthening more rapidly than I could have ventured to anticipate; and she was able to send kind messages to Lady Glyde, saying that she was fast getting well, and entreating her ladyship not to exert herself again too soon. I left her in charge of Mrs. Rubelle, who was still as quietly independent of every one else in the house as ever. When I knocked at Lady Glyde's door, before going away, I was told that she was still sadly weak and depressed; my informant being the Countess, who was then keeping her company in her room. Sir Percival and the Count were walking on the road to the lodge as I was driven by in the chaise. I bowed to them, and quitted the house with not a living soul left in the servants' offices but Margaret Porcher.

Every one must feel what I have felt myself since that time, that these circumstances were more than unusual—they were almost suspicious. Let me, however, say again, that it was impossible for me, in my dependent position, to act otherwise than I did.

The result of my errand at Torquay was exactly what I had foreseen. No such lodgings as I was instructed to take could be found in the whole place; and the terms I was permitted to give were much too low for the purpose, even if I had been able to discover what I wanted. I returned to Blackwater Park on the third day, and informed Sir Percival, who met me at the door, that my journey had been taken in vain. He seemed too much occupied with some other subject to care about the failure of my errand, and his first words informed me that even in the short time of my absence another remarkable change had taken place in the house.

The Count and Countess Fosco had left Blackwater Park for their new residence in St. John's Wood.

I was not made aware of the motive for this sudden departure—I was only told that the Count had been very particular in leaving his kind compliments for me. When I ventured on asking Sir Percival whether Lady Glyde had any one to attend to her comforts in the absence of the Countess, he replied that she had Margaret Porcher to wait on her; and he added that a woman from the village had been sent for to do the work down stairs.

The answer really shocked me—there was such a glaring impropriety in permitting an under-housemaid to fill the place of confidential attendant on Lady Glyde. I went up stairs at once, and met Margaret on the bedroom landing. Her services had not been required (naturally enough), her mistress having sufficiently recovered that morning to be able to leave her bed. I asked next after Miss Halcombe, but I was answered in a slouching, sulky way, which left me no wiser than I was before. I did not choose to repeat the question, and perhaps provoke an impertinent reply. It was in every respect more becoming to a person in my position to present myself immediately in Lady Glyde's room.

I found that her ladyship had certainly gained in health during the last three days. Although still sadly weak and nervous, she was able to get up without assistance, and to walk slowly about her room, feeling no worse effect from the exertion than a slight sensation of fatigue. She had been made a little anxious that morning about Miss Halcombe, through having received no news of her from any one. I thought this seemed to imply a blamable want of attention on the part of Mrs. Rubelle; but I said nothing, and remained with Lady Glyde to assist her to dress. When she was ready we both left the room together to go to Miss Halcombe.

We were stopped in the passage by the appearance of Sir Percival. He looked as if he had been purposely waiting there to see us.

"Where are you going?" he said to Lady Glyde.

"To Marian's room," she answered.

"It may spare you a disappointment," remarked Sir Percival, "if I tell you at once that you will not find her there."

"Not find her there!"

"No. She left the house yesterday morning with Fosco and his wife."

Lady Glyde was not strong enough to bear the surprise of this extraordinary statement. She turned fearfully pale, and leaned back against the wall, looking at her husband in dead silence.

I was so astonished myself that I hardly knew what to say. I asked Sir Percival if he really meant that Miss Halcombe had left Blackwater Park.

"I certainly mean it," he answered.

"In her state, Sir Percival! Without mentioning her intentions to Lady Glyde!"

Before he could reply her ladyship recovered herself a little and spoke.

"Impossible!" she cried out, in a loud, frightened manner, taking a step or two forward from the wall. "Where was the Doctor, where was Mr. Dawson when Marian went away?"

"Mr. Dawson wasn't wanted, and wasn't here," said Sir Percival. "He left of his own accord, which is enough of itself to show that she was strong enough to travel. How you stare! If you don't believe she has gone, look for yourself. Open her room door, and all the other room doors, if you like."

She took him at his word, and I followed her. There was no one in Miss Halcombe's room but Margaret Porcher, who was busy setting it to rights. There was no one in the spare rooms or the dressing-rooms when we looked into them afterward. Sir Percival still waited for us in the passage. As we were leaving the last room that we had examined Lady Glyde whispered, "Don't go, Mrs. Michelson! don't leave me, for God's sake!" Before I could say any thing in return she was out again in the passage speaking to her husband.

"What does it mean, Sir Percival? I insist—I beg and pray you will tell me what it means!"

"It means," he answered, "that Miss Halcombe was strong enough yesterday morning to sit up and be dressed, and that she insisted on taking advantage of Fosco's going to London to go there too."

"To London!"

"Yes—on her way to Limmeridge."

Lady Glyde turned and appealed to me.

"You saw Miss Halcombe last," she said. "Did you think she looked fit to travel in four-and-twenty hours afterward?"

"Not in *my* opinion, your ladyship."

Sir Percival, on his side, instantly turned and appealed to me also.

"Before you went away," he said, "did you, or did you not, tell the nurse that Miss Halcombe looked much stronger and better?"

"I certainly made the remark, Sir Percival."

He addressed her ladyship again the moment I offered that reply.

"Set one of Mrs. Michelson's opinions fairly against the other," he said, "and try to be reasonable about a perfectly plain matter. If she had not been well enough to be moved do you think we should any of us have risked letting her go? She has got three competent people to look after her—Fosco, and your aunt, and Mrs. Rubelle, who went away with them expressly for that purpose. They took a whole carriage yesterday, and made a bed for her on the seat, in case she felt tired. To-day, Fosco and Mrs. Rubelle go on with her themselves to Cumberland—"

"Why does Marian go to Limmeridge and leave me here by myself?" said her ladyship, interrupting Sir Percival.

"Because your uncle won't receive you till he has seen your sister first," he replied. "Have you forgotten the letter he wrote to her at the beginning of her illness? It was shown to you; you read it yourself; and you ought to remember it."

"I do remember it."

"If you do, why should you be surprised at her leaving you? You want to be back at Limmeridge, and she has gone there to get your uncle's leave for you on his own terms."

Poor Lady Glyde's eyes filled with tears.

"Marian never left me before," she said, "without bidding me good-by."

"She would have bid you good-by this time," returned Sir Percival, "if she had not been afraid of herself and of you. She knew you would try to stop her; she knew you would distress her by crying. Do you want to make any more objections? If you do, you must come down stairs and ask questions in the dining-room. These worries upset me. I want a glass of wine."

He left us suddenly.

His manner all through this strange conversation had been very unlike what it usually was. He seemed to be almost as nervous and fluttered, every now and then, as his lady herself. I should never have supposed that his health had been so delicate, or his composure so easy to upset.

I tried to prevail on Lady Glyde to go back to her room, but it was useless. She stopped in the passage, with the look of a woman whose mind was panic-stricken:

"Something has happened to my sister!" she said.

"Remember, my lady, what surprising energy there is in Miss Halcombe," I suggested. "She might well make an effort which other ladies in her situation would be unfit for. I hope and believe there is nothing wrong—I do indeed."

"I must follow Marian!" said her ladyship, with the same panic-stricken look. "I must go where she has gone; I must see that she is alive and well with my own eyes. Come! come down with me to Sir Percival!"

I hesitated, fearing that my presence might be considered an intrusion. I attempted to represent this to her ladyship; but she was deaf to me. She held my arm fast enough to force me to go down stairs with her; and she still clung to me with all the little strength she had at the moment when I opened the dining-room door.

Sir Percival was sitting at the table with a decanter of wine before him. He raised the glass to his lips as we went in, and drained it at a draught. Seeing that he looked at me angrily when he put it down again, I attempted to make some apology for my accidental presence in the room.

"Do you suppose there is any secrets going on here?" he broke out, suddenly; "there are none—there is nothing underhand; nothing kept from you or from any one." After speaking those strange words, loudly and sternly, he filled himself another glass of wine, and asked Lady Glyde what she wanted of him.

"If my sister is fit to travel I am fit to travel," said her ladyship, with more firmness than she had yet shown. "I come to beg you will make allowances for my anxiety about Marian, and let me follow her at once by the afternoon train."

"You must wait till to-morrow," replied Sir Percival; "and then, if you don't hear to the contrary, you can go. I don't suppose you are at all likely to hear to the contrary—so I shall write to Fosco by to-night's post."

He said those last words holding his glass up to the light, and looking at the wine in it instead of at Lady Glyde. Indeed he never once looked at her throughout the conversation. Such a singular want of good-breeding in a gentleman of his rank impressed me, I own, very painfully.

"Why should you write to Count Fosco?" she asked, in extreme surprise.

"To tell him to expect you by the mid-day train," said Sir Percival. "He will meet you at the station, when you get to London, and take you on to sleep at your aunt's in St. John's Wood."

Lady Glyde's hand began to tremble violently round my arm—why, I could not imagine.

"There is no necessity for Count Fosco to meet me," she said. "I would rather not stay in London to sleep."

"You must. You can't take the whole journey to Cumberland in one day. You must rest a night in London—and I don't choose you to go by yourself to a hotel. Fosco made the offer to your uncle to give you house-room on the way down, and your uncle has accepted it. Here! here is a letter from him addressed to yourself. I ought to have sent it up this morning, but I forgot. Read it, and see what Mr. Fairlie himself says to you."

Lady Glyde looked at the letter for a moment, and then placed it in my hands.

"Read it," she said, faintly. "I don't know what is the matter with me. I can't read it myself."

It was a note of only three lines—so short and so careless that it quite struck me. If I remember correctly it contained no more than these words:

"DEAREST LAURA,—Please come whenever you like. Break the journey by sleeping at your aunt's house. Grieved to hear of dear Marian's illness. Affectionately yours,

"FREDERICK FAIRLIE."

"I would rather not go there—I would rather not stay a night in London," said her ladyship, breaking out eagerly with those words before I had quite done reading the note, short as it was.

"I SHALL SEE YOU NO MORE," SHE SAID, IN A VERY MARKED MANNER. "THIS IS OUR PARTING—!"

"Don't write to Count Fosco! Pray, pray don't write to him!"

Sir Percival filled another glass from the decanter, so awkwardly that he upset it and spilt all the wine over the table. "My sight seems to be failing me," he muttered to himself in an odd, muffled voice. He slowly set the glass up again, refilled it, and drained it once more at a draught. I began to fear, from his look and manner, that the wine was getting into his head.

"Pray don't write to Count Fosco!" persisted Lady Glyde, more earnestly than ever.

"Why not, I should like to know?" cried Sir Percival, with a sudden burst of anger that startled us both. "Where can you stay more properly in London than at the place your uncle himself chooses for you—at your aunt's house? Ask Mrs. Michelson."

The arrangement proposed was so unquestionably the right and the proper one that I could make no possible objection to it. Much as I sympathized with Lady Glyde in other respects, I could not sympathize with her in her unjust prejudices against Count Fosco. I never before met with any lady of her rank and station who was so lamentably narrow-minded on the subject of foreigners. Neither her uncle's note, nor Sir Percival's increasing impatience seemed to have the least effect on her. She still objected to staying a night in London; she still implored her husband not to write to the Count.

"Drop it!" said Sir Percival, rudely turning his back on us. "If you haven't sense enough to know what is best for yourself, other people must know for you. The arrangement is made, and there is an end of it. You are only wanted to do what Miss Halcombe has done before you—"

"Marian?" repeated her ladyship, in a bewildered manner; "Marian sleeping in Count Fosco's house!"

"Yes, in Count Fosco's house. She slept there last night to break the journey. And you are to follow her example, and do what your uncle tells you. You are to sleep at Fosco's to-morrow night, as your sister did, to break the journey. Don't throw too many obstacles in my way! Don't make me repent of letting you go at all!"

He started to his feet, and suddenly walked out into the veranda through the open glass doors.

"Will your ladyship excuse me," I whispered, "if I suggest that we had better not wait here till Sir Percival comes back? I am very much afraid he is overexcited with wine."

She consented to leave the room in a weary, absent manner.

As soon as we were safe up stairs again I did all I could to compose her ladyship's spirits. I reminded her that Mr. Fairlie's letters to Miss Halcombe and to herself did certainly sanction, and even render necessary, sooner or later, the course that had been taken. She agreed to this, and even admitted, of her own accord, that both letters were strictly in character with her uncle's peculiar disposition; but her fears about Miss Halcombe, and her unaccountable dread of sleeping at the Count's house in London, still remained unshaken in spite of every consideration that I could urge. I thought it my duty to protest against Lady Glyde's unfavorable opinion of his lordship; and I did so with becoming forbearance and respect.

"Your ladyship will pardon my freedom," I remarked, in conclusion; "but it is said, 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' I am sure the Count's constant kindness and constant attention from the very beginning of Miss Halcombe's illness merit our best confidence and esteem. Even his lordship's serious misunderstanding with Mr. Dawson was entirely attributable to his anxiety on Miss Halcombe's account."

"What misunderstanding?" inquired her ladyship, with a look of sudden interest.

I related the unhappy circumstances under which Mr. Dawson had withdrawn his attendance—mentioning them all the more readily because I disapproved of Sir Percival's continuing to conceal what had happened (as he had done in my presence) from the knowledge of Lady Glyde.

Her ladyship started up with every appearance of being additionally agitated and alarmed by what I had told her.

"Worse, worse than I thought!" she said, walking about the room in a bewildered manner. "The Count knew Mr. Dawson would never consent to Marian's taking a journey—he purposely insulted the Doctor to get him out of the house."

"Oh, my lady! my lady!" I remonstrated.

"Mrs. Michelson!" she went on, vehemently; "no words that ever were spoken will persuade me that my sister is in that man's power and in that man's house with her own consent. My horror of him is such that nothing Sir Percival could say, and no letters my uncle could write, would induce me, if I had only my own feelings to consult, to eat, drink, or sleep under his roof. But my misery of suspense about Marian gives me the courage to follow her any where—to follow her even into Count Fosco's house."

I thought it right, at this point, to mention that Miss Halcombe had already gone on to Cumberland, according to Sir Percival's account of the matter.

"I am afraid to believe it!" answered her ladyship. "I am afraid she is still in that man's house. If I am wrong—if she has really gone on to Limmeridge—I am resolved I will not sleep to-morrow night under Count Fosco's roof. My dearest friend in the world, next to my sister, lives near London. You have heard me, you have heard Miss Halcombe, speak of Mrs. Vesey? I mean to write and propose to sleep at her house. I don't know how I shall get there—I don't know how I shall avoid the Count—but to that refuge I will escape in some way if my sister has gone to Cumberland. All I ask of you to do is to see yourself that my letter to Mrs. Vesey goes to London to-night, as certainly as Sir Percival's letter goes to Count Fosco. I have reasons for not trusting the post-bag down stairs. Will you keep my secret, and help me in this? it is the last favor, perhaps, that I shall ever ask of you."

I hesitated—I thought it all very strange—I almost feared that her ladyship's mind had been a little affected by recent anxiety and suffering. At my own risk, however, I ended by giving my consent. If the letter had been addressed to a stranger, or to any one but a lady so well known to me by report as Mrs. Vesey, I might have refused. I thank God—looking to what happened afterward—I thank God I never thwarted that wish, or any other, which Lady Glyde expressed to me on the last day of her residence at Blackwater Park.

The letter was written and given into my hands. I myself put it into the post-box in the village that evening.

We saw nothing more of Sir Percival for the rest of the day. I slept, by Lady Glyde's own desire, in the next room to hers, with the door open between us. There was something so strange and dreadful in the loneliness and emptiness of the house that I was glad, on my side, to have a companion near me. Her ladyship sat up late reading letters and burning them, and emptying her drawers and cabinets of little things she prized as if she never expected to return to Blackwater Park. Her sleep was sadly disturbed when she at last went to bed: she cried out in it several times—once so loud that she woke herself. Whatever her dreams were she did not think fit to communicate them to me. Perhaps, in my situation, I had no right to expect that she should do so. It matters little now. I was sorry for her—I was indeed heartily sorry for her all the same.

The next day was fine and sunny. Sir Percival came up after breakfast to tell us that the chaise would be at the door at a quarter to twelve; the train to London stopping at our station at twenty minutes after. He informed Lady Glyde that he was obliged to go out, but added that he hoped to be back before she left. If any unforeseen accident delayed him, I was to accompany her to the station, and to take special care that she was in time for the train. Sir Percival communicated these directions very hastily, walking here and there about the room all the time. Her ladyship looked attentively after him wherever he went. He never once looked at her in return.

She only spoke when he had done, and then she stopped him as he approached the door by holding out her hand.

"I shall see you no more," she said, in a very marked manner. "This is our parting—our parting, it may be forever. Will you try to forgive me, Percival, as heartily as I forgive *you?*"

His face turned of an awful whiteness all over, and great beads of perspiration broke out on his bald forehead. "I shall come back," he said—and made for the door as hastily as if his wife's farewell words had frightened him out of the room.

I had never liked Sir Percival—but the manner in which he left Lady Glyde made me feel ashamed of having eaten his bread and lived in his service. I thought of saying a few comforting and Christian words to the poor lady; but there was something in her face, as she looked after her husband when the door closed on him, that made me alter my mind and keep silence.

At the time named the chaise drew up at the gates. Her ladyship was right—Sir Percival never came back. I waited for him till the last moment—and waited in vain.

No positive responsibility lay on my shoulders, and yet I did not feel easy in my mind. "It is of your own free-will," I said, as the chaise drove through the lodge-gates, "that your ladyship goes to London?"

"I will go any where," she answered, "to end the dreadful suspense that I am suffering at this moment."

She had made me feel almost as anxious and as uncertain about Miss Halcombe as she felt herself. I presumed to ask her to write me a line if all went well in London. She answered, "Most willingly, Mrs. Michelson." "We all have our crosses to bear, my lady," I said, seeing her silent and thoughtful after she had promised to write. She made no reply: she seemed to be too much wrapped up in her own thoughts to attend to me. "I fear your ladyship rested badly last night," I remarked, after waiting a little. "Yes," she said; "I was terribly disturbed by dreams." "Indeed, my lady?" I thought she was going to tell me her dreams; but no, when she spoke next it was only to ask a question. "You posted the letter to Mrs. Vesey with your own hands?" "Yes, my lady." "Did Sir Percival say, yesterday, that Count Fosco was to meet me at the terminus in London?" "He did, my lady."

She sighed heavily when I answered that last question and said no more.

We arrived at the station with hardly two minutes to spare. The gardener (who had driven us) managed about the luggage while I took the ticket. The whistle of the train was sounding when I joined her ladyship on the platform. She looked very strangely, and pressed her hand over her heart as if some sudden pain or fright had overcome her at that moment.

"I wish you were going with me!" she said, catching eagerly at my arm when I gave her the ticket.

If there had been time, if I had felt the day before as I felt then I would have made my arrangements to accompany her—even though the doing so had obliged me to give Sir Percival warning on the spot. As it was, her wishes, expressed at the last moment only, were expressed too late for me to comply with them. She seemed to understand this herself before I could explain it, and did not repeat her desire to have me for a traveling companion. The train drew up at the platform. She gave the gardener a present for his children, and took my hand in her simple, hearty manner before she got into the carriage.

"You have been very kind to me and to my sister," she said; "kind when we were both friendless. I shall remember you gratefully as long as I live to remember any one. Good-by—and God bless you!"

She spoke those words with a tone and a look which brought the tears into my eyes—she spoke them as if she was bidding me farewell forever.

"Good-by, my lady," I said, putting her into the carriage and trying to cheer her; "good-by, for the present only; good-by, with my best and kindest wishes for happier times!"

She shook her head and shuddered as she settled herself in the carriage. The guard closed the door. "Do you believe in dreams?" she whispered to me at the window. "*My* dreams last night were dreams I have never had before. The terror of them is hanging over me still." The whistle sounded before I could answer and the train moved. Her pale quiet face looked at me for the last time, looked sorrowfully and solemnly from the window—she waved her hand—and I saw her no more.

Toward five o'clock on the afternoon of that same day, having a little time to myself in the midst of the household duties which now pressed upon me, I sat down alone in my own room to try and compose my mind with the volume of my husband's Sermons. For the first time in my life I found my attention wandering over those pious and cheering words. Concluding that Lady Glyde's departure must have disturbed me far more seriously than I had myself supposed, I put the book aside and went out to take a turn in the garden. Sir Percival had not yet returned, to my knowledge, so I could feel no hesitation about showing myself in the grounds.

On turning the corner of the house and gaining a view of the garden I was startled by seeing a stranger walking in it. The stranger was a woman—she was lounging along the path with her back to me, and was gathering the flowers.

As I approached she heard me and turned round.

My blood curdled in my veins. The strange woman in the garden was Mrs. Rubelle.

I could neither move nor speak. She came up to me as composedly as ever with her flowers in her hand.

"What is the matter, ma'am?" she said, quietly.

"*You* here!" I gasped out. "Not gone to London! Not gone to Cumberland!"

Mrs. Rubelle smelled at her flowers with a smile of malicious pity.

"Certainly not," she said. "I have never left Blackwater Park."

I summoned breath enough and courage enough for another question.

"Where is Miss Halcombe?"

Mrs. Rubelle fairly laughed at me this time; and answered in these words:

"Miss Halcombe, ma'am, has not left Blackwater Park either."

LITERARY.

Adam Bede has not yet passed, never will pass, out of popular favor. It is one of the great novels of the age. And we have here another from the same pen—The Mill on the Floss (published by Harper & Brothers)—which partakes of the same characteristics, while in some respects it surpasses the former. The scenery of the story is like that of "Adam Bede"—quiet country life. But the wildest romances are found in that same quiet country life; and wilder and more thrilling story was never written than that of Maggie Tulliver, interwoven in the histories that make these pages interesting. No one who reads can rest. There is at one moment a grotesqueness of character and scene; at another, a soft and delicious picture; at another, you can't see the pages for the tears that will come.

The story covers the lives of Tom Tulliver, his sister Maggie, their cousin Lucy, and the friends that surround their younger days. To say that the country folk are drawn to the life is saying little. They stand out from these pages, the old men and the old women, as never stood old man or old woman on the canvas of Denner. They talk in their own language; and instead of reading a work, you seem to hear them talk. In this respect the author far surpasses Dickens in skill. There is no caricaturing; there is no seizing on one prominent characteristic and making that the whole picture. But these are the people that have lived and have talked, and now live and talk before our eyes and ears. Such a novel is worth shelves full of the ordinary sort.

Stephen A. Douglas is at present one of the most prominent men, if not the most prominent man in the United States. His life is a remarkable history, and the public will be glad to have it as now written by James W. Sheahan, and published by Harper & Brothers. Mr. Sheahan has omitted nothing that is interesting or important to a complete knowledge of the career of his distinguished subject. His work is well laid out and well executed; and while it gives a full history of Mr. Douglas, it also gives us a political history of the nation, showing how closely the distinguished Senator, and possible future President, has been identified with the great events in our national growth for a quarter of a century.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, April 30, nothing of public interest transpired in the Senate.——In the House, speeches were made, in Committee of the Whole, on the slavery question and the tariff, by Messrs. Moore, Alley, Wade, and Curtis.

On Tuesday, May 1, the Senate not being in session, the House listened to speeches on slavery, etc., from Messrs. Wilson, Hickman, and Millson of Virginia.

On Wednesday, May 2, in the Senate, Senator Davis caused his Territorial resolutions to be made the special order for Monday next. Some executive business was acted upon prior to adjournment.——In the House, Mr. Sherman announced that the Tariff Bill would be called up that day, and that he should move that the speeches of the ensuing debate should be strictly confined to the measure. Resolving itself into Committee of the Whole, the House listened to Messrs. English, Hutchins, and Smith of North Carolina, on slavery.

On Thursday, May 3, the Senate not being in session, Mr. Sherman urged action on the tariff question. Speeches on slavery were then made by Messrs. Gooch, Hall, Stanton, Millson, Singleton, and Hughes.

On Friday, May 4, both Houses were engaged on private business of no interest to the public.

THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.

On Saturday, April 28, the subject of a platform was again recommitted to the Committee, from whence three reports were made on Saturday evening. The majority report was presented by Mr. Avery of North Carolina. It sets out with an affirmation of the Cincinnati platform, subject to certain explanatory resolutions, which declare that all citizens have a right to settle in the Territories, "without their rights, either of person or property, being destroyed or injured by Congressional or Territorial legislation;" that it is the duty of the Federal Government to protect these rights; and that the State sovereignty begins only with the formation of a State Constitution. The remainder of the majority platform goes for Cuba, the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law, and a Pacific Railroad. The minority report of the Committee presented by Mr. Samuels, of Iowa, also reaffirms the general principles of the Cincinnati Platform; but meets the question of the Territories by declaring that "inasmuch as differences of opinion exist," the Democratic Party "will abide by the decision of the Supreme Court over the institution of Slavery within the Territories." The acquisition of Cuba and the construction of a Pacific Railroad are planks of this report, similar in all respects to those laid down by the majority.

Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts, presented a third report, which proposed the adoption of the Cincinnati Platform, without explanations or *addenda*. A violent discussion followed the reception of the reports; but no vote was taken on Saturday.

On Monday morning (30th), the question of platform being taken up, Mr. Butler's report was voted down; the minority report was then taken up and adopted by a considerable majority. Upon this result the delegates from Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, Texas, and South Carolina, with a portion of the Arkansas delegation, after protesting against the action of the majority, retired, and repairing to St. Andrew's Hall, organized a separate body.

On Tuesday, May 1, the regular Convention met at the usual hour. Before business began a member of the Georgia delegation announced that, after anxious consideration, he, with a number of his colleagues, felt constrained to enter their protest against the platform and retire. Twenty-four arose at once and left; four others followed, declaring they never would abandon the majority; while eight retained their seats. The Arkansas delegation then bolted, leaving Flournoy alone behind; and the entire representations of Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina, with portions of those from Maryland, Delaware, and Kentucky, asked and procured leave to retire for consultation. A struggle on the two-thirds rule followed, and without any balloting the Convention adjourned. The bolters met, and after hearing speeches from Mr. John C. Preston, Mr. Yancey, and others, organized by electing Mr. Bayard President.

In the evening of Monday the balloting for President began in the regular Convention, the two-thirds rule having been adopted, and 202 votes being held necessary to nominate. The following table shows the votes given that evening and on the following day, Wednesday, May 2:

Ballots	Douglas	Hunter	Guthrie	A. Johnson	Dickinson	Lane	Jeff. Davis
1	145½	42	35½	12	7	6	1
2	147	41½	36½	12	6½	6	1
3	148½	36	42	12	6½	6	1
4	149	41½	37½	12	5	5	1
5	149½	41	37½	12	5	6	1
6	149½	41	39	12	3	7	1
7	150½	41	38½	11	4	6	—
8	150½	40½	38½	11	4½	6	1
9	150½	33½	37½	12	1	6	1½
10	150½	39	39½	12	4	5½	1½
11	150½	38	39½	12	4	6½	½
12	150½	38	39½	12	4	6	½
13	149½	28½	39½	12	1	20	1
14	150	27	41	12	½	20½	1
15	149½	28	40	12	½	20	1
16	150	26	42	12	½	20½	1
17	150	26	42	12	½	20½	1
18	150	26	41½	12	1	20½	1
19	150	28½	39½	12	1	20	1½
20	150	26	42	12	½	20½	1
21	150	26	41½	12	½	20½	1
22	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
23	152½	25	41½	12	1½	19½	1
24	151½	25	41½	12	2½	19½	1
25	151½	35	41½	12	1½	9½	1
26	151½	25	47½	12	12	9	1
27	Same as last.						
28	Same as last.						
29	151½	25	42	12	13	7½	1
30	151½	25	45	11	13	5½	1
31	Nearly the same.						
32	Nearly the same.						
33	Nearly the same.						
34	152½	22½	47½	11	5	12½	1
35	152	22½	47½	11	5	12½	1
36	151½	22½	47½	11	5	12½	1
37	151½	16	64½	1½	5½	12½	1½
38	151½	16	66	1½	5½	12½	1½
39, 40, 41, and 42	Same as 38.						
43	151	16	65½	—	6	13	1
44 to 53	Same as 43.						
54	151½	20½	61	—	9	16	1
55	151½	16	65½	—	9	16	1
56 and 57	Unchanged.						

On the first and second ballots Mr. Toucey received 2½ votes, and on the first ballot Mr. Pierce received 1 vote.

The Bolters met on Wednesday, 2d, and adopted the Platform rejected by the Convention. They could not decide whether or no to nominate candidates.

On Thursday, May 3, on motion of Mr. Russell of Virginia, the regular Convention adjourned, to meet at Baltimore on June 18. A brief address was delivered by Mr. Cushing, and the Convention broke up.

The Bolters likewise adjourned without attempting to nominate.

CAPTAIN FARNHAM RELEASED.

Captain Farnham, distinguished for his connection with the sloop *Wanderer*, was on Wednesday released from the jail in Savannah, Georgia, where he has been confined for six months past. An attempt to rearrest him was resisted with revolvers by the friends who made the rescue. The matter was finally compromised by Captain Farnham consenting to appear and give bonds in $30,000.

JAPANESE GALLANTRY.

Two French ladies, who were in San Francisco when the Japanese arrived there, were anxious to go on board

the vessel where the foreigners were. But ladies could not be received. Nevertheless, they put on portions of their husbands' wardrobe and made the visit. They escaped detection while they only talked, for neither party could understand the other. When, however, they shook hands with the Admiral, a peculiar smile passed over his features, and he immediately caused an attendant to dive into his cabin and bring out a variety of hair-pins, bracelets, furs, and other things pertaining to the female toilet. He said, with an Oriental wink at his interpreter, that he could not be mistaken in the pressure of a lady's hand.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

Yesterday at noon, says the Washington *Star* of the 2d inst., the Hon. E. J. Bouligny, M. C. from Louisiana, was united in marriage to Miss Mary Elizabeth Parker, the second daughter of our well-known fellow-citizen, Mr. George Parker. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's father, and the officiating clergyman was the Rev. Mr. Butler, the pastor of Trinity (Episcopal) Church. The guests witnessing the ceremony, though not very numerous, embraced a number of gentlemen in distinguished public positions here and their families—the President, Secretaries Cobb, Thompson, and Toucey among them. The bridemaids were Miss Fanny Parker (a sister of the bride; Miss Hamilton, of New York; Miss Catlin, of New York; Miss Alice Maury, and Miss Sarah Franklin, of this city, and Miss Hammond, a daughter of Senator Hammond, of South Carolina; and the groomsmen were, Dr. Parker, Sheriff of New Orleans; John Maury, Esq., of this city; the Hon. Messrs. Ruffin, of North Carolina, Edmonston, of Virginia, and Miles, of South Carolina, of the House of Representatives, and another gentleman from Louisiana, whose name we have not learned. The bride is said to have been attired with most exquisite taste—in point lace, over a white satin dress, with a point lace vail, and orange flowers in her hair, and rich sparkling diamonds in the ornaments she wore. Shortly after the ceremony the reception took place, which was attended by a large concourse of the fashionable friends of Mr. Parker's family, and those of his new son-in-law, their equipages lining C and Four-and-a-half streets for a long distance. A sumptuous entertainment was prepared for the company, and an exquisite string band discoursed delicious music from the conservatory attached to the dwelling. At three P.M. the reception closed, and subsequently the gay wedding party dined together at Mr. Parker's. We hear that the happy pair start to-day on a Northern wedding tour. This was perhaps the most brilliant wedding that has ever taken place in the Federal metropolis.

PERSONAL.

Dr. James Walker, the retiring President of Harvard College, has just received a gift of $12,000 from gentlemen of Boston. This is a most graceful act, and one that will be of advantage to many, for it will give to the recipient freedom from the cares of life, and will allow him to bestow his time upon the pursuits for which he is especially fitted. President C. C. Felton will be inaugurated on the 28th of the present month.

The Cook divorce case is now progressing at Norwich, Connecticut. It is a cross libel between Mr. and Mrs. Cook, she accusing him of compelling her to act the clairvoyant and spiritual medium to the manifest detriment of her health, and he charging her with improper intimacies with a man named Spencer. Some most singular testimony has been and will be given on this matter of Spiritualism, and its effect on the body and mind of those subjected to its influence.

Simon Hill, who was one of the United States marine corps at the battle of New Orleans, died near Winchester, Virginia, on the 18th ult. His arm was badly shattered in the fight, and he was taken prisoner.

Mr. Felton entered upon his active duties as President of Harvard College at the beginning of the present term, March 1. His formal inauguration will take place on Monday, 28th inst. Mr. Henry Lee, Jun., has been appointed by the corporation as chief marshal on the occasion, but the details of the ceremony have not yet been arranged.

A gay marriage recently took place at Beirut, in Syria. The parties were the American Vice-Consul at Beirut, Dr. R. G. Barclay, of Virginia, and Miss Louisa Hampton, the niece of H. B. M.'s Consul at Jerusalem. After the wedding ceremony, the bridal party, including the officers of a British man-of-war, mounted themselves upon gayly-caparisoned Arabian steeds, and, preceded by the bride in a sedan-chair, went to a hotel for the breakfast. The flags of England and America were festooned about the hall, and the wedding-cake, a monster, four feet in height, was similarly decorated in miniature. After breakfast there were speeches, of course; and it is unnecessary to say that the Americans were well forward in the oratorical van.

The investigation in the Lemley family poisoning case is now progressing in New Orleans. A number of witnesses have been examined, and the probability is that their testimony will tend to fasten the deed upon the one suspected from the first, Ann, the slave cook. Miss Isabella M'Kee, one of the sufferers, stated that she had heard the woman use threats against the family because her son had been sent to the slave-pen for sale, and herself whipped severely.

Not long since, we stated that at a "Charivari" party, or mock serenade, given to a newly-married couple at Harrisonburg, Virginia, the brother of the bride went from the house to remonstrate, and was shot dead. On the night of the 15th, as a boat was taking in cotton at a station on the Mississippi River, a man deliberately walked overboard and drowned himself. His name was not known, but it was supposed to be the person who committed the murder above alluded to, he having disappeared immediately after the deed. His name was Smallwood.

Miss Evans is honored in Mobile: a boat intended for Summer trade on the Alabama River has been named "Beulah."

The Bennington *Banner* says that John Sherman, in Pownal, Vermont, had born to him, on the day he completed his seventieth year, a son, and he called his name Levi; and on the same day were born unto him a grandson and great-grandson, the parents at the time residing in three different States. All three of the boys are living now.

About three months ago a young woman was married in this city. Going with her husband to Philadelphia on a wedding trip, he pawned or sold all her clothes except a single suit. They then extended their tour to Boston. There the rapacious man sold his wife's last female garment, and compelled her to put on male attire. It is not considered the thing in the last-named city for women to appear as men, and she was arrested as soon as she showed herself on the street. It was through this arrest that the strange story came out.

At the recent county seat election in Falls City, Kansas, two men, named Meek and Davis, were present to preserve order. They soon began to quarrel, and, although separated by friends, managed to fire a number of shots at each other during the afternoon—none of them, however, taking effect. At last, after prowling about town with loaded pistols in search of each other, they met and fired; both pistols took effect—one man dying at once, the other lingering, but past recovery.

It is said that Surveyor Hart, who was a spectator at the late champion fight in England, was robbed of his watch by the English thieves who broke into the ring.

Mrs. Sarah M'Cauley was buried in Philadelphia on the 29th ult., from the residence of her mother. The deceased was formerly Miss Sarah Mercer, and she figured prominently in a painful tragedy which took place some seventeen or eighteen years ago. In consequence of a wrong done the young lady, her brother (Singleton) shot Hutchinson Heberton, while in a carriage, on a ferry-boat in the dock, on the Jersey side of the river. Young Mercer was tried at Woodbury, and acquitted on the ground of insanity. The affair caused an intense excitement at the time. Miss Mercer, who was a very beautiful girl, married a young gentleman of Philadelphia, but they were soon afterward divorced. She subsequently married Dr. J. B. M'Cauley, of New York. She was about thirty-five years of age at the time of her death. Singleton Mercer went to Norfolk, as a nurse, at the time of the terrible fever there, in 1855, and he fell a victim to the scourge. His remains lie at Laurel Hall, along with the other Philadelphia victims of the epidemic.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE SAVOY QUESTION AGAIN.

IN the House of Commons Mr. Horsman attacked the foreign policy of the Government, and denounced the designs of Napoleon.

Lord John Russell defended the Ministers, and asserted that they had not been unmindful of the honor of their country or the peace of Europe. Important questions as to the maintenance of the neutralized districts of Savoy had arisen, and he believed before long the great Powers would be in a position to take the point into consideration.

THE PRIZE-FIGHT.

At latest dates correspondents write:

"There is nothing yet determined in regard to the great fight between Sayers and Heenan for the championship of England. The referee will not make a formal decision until next week.

"It is emphatically denied on behalf of both men that either desire the battle to be considered as drawn, and it is claimed for each that either could have won in a few minutes more.

"Considerable sums of money had been collected on the London and Liverpool Exchanges for Sayers. He was to attend the London Stock Exchange on the 21st, to be presented with one hundred guineas.

"It is thought that strong steps will be taken by the authorities to prevent another meeting."

A LETTER FROM HEENAN.

Heenan, on the 22d, writes to the *Times:*

"I see by your article of Saturday that you misunderstand my wishes, and it does me great injustice. I have no difference to settle with Sayers, except such as I tried to settle with him on the 16th; and, instead of being called a 'Boy,' I ought to be termed a 'baby,' if, after having come so far, and not having got a settlement, I should be willing to relinquish my purpose for a few good-natured pats on the back, and being told I am a fine fellow. I have received a great many anonymous letters, asking me if I am not ashamed of myself, a great fellow like me, to come over to whip a little man like Sayers. Under ordinary circumstances I should not think of sending a challenge to a man of Sayers's size; but England thinks him big enough to defend the belt. I want it, and can not get it except through him. The inclosed letter, which I sent to *Bell's Life* when I heard that they intended to call in the surgeon to name the day before which Sayers could not finish the pending affair, will show my position; and as *Bell's Life* has not published it, you will do me a great kindness in letting the English people hear what I have to say. If the late meeting is not to be resumed, and the belt is not to come to me for what has already taken place, I claim to be the first on the list to meet Sayers again for the next chance to conquer it."

The following is the letter to *Bell's Life:*

"Not having been able to obtain from you as a referee the final decision upon the fight of Tuesday last, I desire to demand through you a new meeting within the present week. I make this demand from having been informed that it has been suggested on your part that I should give Sayers sufficient time to recover from certain injuries received by him.

"Now, Sir, while I am willing to accommodate him in any proper way, I must not be unmindful of my own right. I also received injuries; but I bargained for them; and I put it to you, as a man of honor, whether, if I had been deprived, through the effects of the said battle, of my eye-sight, or the use of my arm, as in the case of Brettle, when disabled by Sayers, you would have made Sayers wait for me for any length of time that might be dictated by my private doctor.

"When this match was made, the date for the battle was the 16th, or as soon as we could get to fight; and, according to the rules, if the battle should be interrupted, it was my understanding, and I believe it is the law, that we should fight within a week. We did meet according to contract. The battle was said to be unfinished, and I am prepared to renew it at any moment within lawful limits. If Sayers is not, on account of injuries from me, and can not meet me according to the rules of manly opposition, I demand and claim that he resign to me the belt, which he is not, according to the rules of the prize-ring, entitled to retain. Hoping to receive an answer from you before this week expires, stating your views in full, I am, etc., etc.

"P. S.—You will please understand I don't wish to compel Sayers to fight because he is represented to be in a disabled state, but I wish to obtain what I think I have already won, and which I will cheerfully hand back whenever he or any other person thinks he can take it from me."

A LETTER ON BEHALF OF HEENAN.

Mr. Wilkes, of New York, on behalf of Mr. Heenan and the Americans here, addressed the following letter to the London *Times*, which has been published:

"*To the Editor of the London Times.*

"SIR,—I am desired to state, on the part of Mr. John C. Heenan, in answer to your report of this morning, that neither he nor any person authorized to act for him requested the referee, at the late encounter between Sayers and himself, to stop the fight when the ring was broken into. On the contrary, he and his friends, nearly all of whom were grouped in a little handful at his corner, repeatedly protested against the invasion of the ropes, and demanded that the fight should not be interrupted. In proof of this Heenan breasted his way three times through the crowd of persons who poured into the arena from the side of Sayers, to renew the combat after that outrage had taken place, and who refused to leave the ring, and did not do so until Sayers had been withdrawn. He wishes me to say, moreover, that he feels sure that, had not that occurrence taken place, he would soon have made his victory manifest to the most prejudiced person on the ground. As to the suggestion which has been kindly made by the editor of *Bell's Life*, that Sayers and he should have a belt apiece, he begs to say that while he will cheerfully subscribe to a new testimonial for his brave and honorable adversary, he will have none other than the one he came 9000 miles to get, and which he honestly feels he has already won. He believes, however, he can win it again if required to do so, and, if it be really amenable to conquest by a stranger, he will not leave your shores until he brings his late contest to a new and due conclusion.

"On the part of many Americans in London who have called upon me, we repudiate entirely the idea expressed at the conclusion of your article, namely, that Heenan's American supporters 'consent to the contest being considered a drawn battle.' They, on the contrary, insist that the fight, if not decided to be already won by Heenan, shall be considered as still pending, and subject to renewal at the earliest possible day. Through a note from the referee, which now lies before me, I learn he has refused a new arbitrament this week (according to the usual custom), 'on the ground of humanity;' but while the friends of Mr. Heenan can not object to such a highly creditable motive, they disclaim for him the requirement of any such consideration, he being quite capable of responding to the orders of the referee, and will so respond at an hour's notice. The friends of Heenan, while they acquit the upright and gallant Sayers and his immediate backers from any participation in the violent interruption of the contest, wish to declare the clearness of Heenan's supporters from any complicity with that outrage; and in this connection desire me to say that when a man in our country who has engaged to subdue another requires outside help to aid him, as was given to Sayers in the thirty-ninth round, he is considered to be beaten. In short, whenever 'humanity' justifies such interference, the verdict is given against the man whose conquered and hopeless condition requires the practical interposition of such a sentiment."

HEENAN'S CONDITION.

A London correspondent of the Troy *Times* communicates the following pleasant particulars respecting the late prize-fight:

"Heenan had won the fight—that was evident—and Sayers's friends determined to deprive him of it. Before the men got to their corners, after the thirty-seventh round, somebody cut the ropes, and the whole crowd of vagabonds and loafers, with the police, who had been quietly looking on for more than an hour, rushed in. The referee got up, ordering the men to leave the ring. But they managed to get at each other again; and after some sharp exchanges, Heenan got Sayers's head under his arm, where he was pounding him after the manner of Tom Hyer, and would have left him senseless, had not the friends of Sayers pulled him away, and kicked and struck him. The next three rounds Heenan went up and dared his man to come out and fight, knocking him down on each as soon as he was pushed forward. On the forty-second round Sayers was unable to rise from Harry Brunton's knee. Heenan walked up and asked his seconds if they would throw up the sponge. They replied by crowding him away, whereupon he went at them like a tiger, at one blow knocking down Jim Walsh, and at the next upsetting Brunton and Sayers, then straightening himself out for the whole crowd. With great difficulty Macdonald and Cusick got him away; when, after calling the crowd to witness that he was the winner of the fight, he left the ring, running faster than any one who followed him to the railroad track. I saw him in five minutes, and have been with him much of the time since. He was almost as strong when the fight ended as when it commenced. His right eye was closed, *but his left eye was as good as ever, and he hit a button on Jack Macdonald's coat eight times in succession.* Sayers was whipped on the twentieth round, and only fought on pluck after that. If the ring had not been entered Heenan would have left him senseless and out of time on the thirty-eighth round. Those who had bet at heavy odds on Sayers knew so, and that was why the fight was stopped. *The fuss about police was all sheer humbug, as the police had been there from the start.* A fight was never won fairer, and every fair-minded man will acknowledge it. It is said that the referee was bribed to leave the ring. Sayers claims a draw, on the ground that the rounds fought were illegal. This is a mean and scurvy dodge. You put down Heenan as Champion of England, and if he is not now, he will be; for he is ready to fight Sayers again, and give him another thrashing, to-morrow, next week, or next month."

FRANCE.

THE FRENCH POLICY AS TO SAVOY.

Mention has been made of a confidential dispatch addressed by M. Thouvenel to the diplomatic agents of the Emperor in Germany. The following is the text of the document:

"PARIS, *March* 15, 1860.

"SIR,—I remark in the German papers that an extreme importance, and a meaning which is not a correct one, is given to a word of the speech of the Emperor—that of *revendication*—which his Majesty made use of when speaking of the question of Savoy. Some see in it an intention to invoke the ancient cession consented to in 1706 by Sardinia, and others the idea of founding our demand on the difference which exists between the treaty of 1814 and that of 1815. The Emperor's Government feels itself bound to protest against an essentially erroneous interpretation of a word which, nevertheless, carries with it its natural explanation. His Majesty, in pointing out with so much reason the territorial changes taking place in Italy as likely to injure the condition made for us on the side of the Alps by the treaty of 1815, if not modified, said that those changes gave him a right to demand from the King of Sardinia a modification called for by existing circumstances and by the necessities resulting from them for France. Is not what is demanded in the name of a right supposed to be possessed what is called in French a *revendication?* And do not the explanations into which the Emperor entered clearly indicate that the only grounds on which that *revendication* was based, was the fact of a considerable aggrandizement of Piedmont, aggravating the position which results to us from treaties, and in no way any idea of referring to anterior documents or events? Does not the engagement given to previously furnish explanations to the Powers—an engagement carried out by the communication, a copy of which I have the honor to inclose—suffice to exclude any suspicion of such an idea? We think we may, on this subject, confidently appeal to the equity and good sense of the Cabinets. You are authorized to read this dispatch to the Minister of Foreign Affairs of ——, and to make use of the indications it contains to rectify the false appreciations which may be produced around you. THOUVENEL."

AMERICAN AND OTHER REIGNING BELLES.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "Mrs. Spicer, an American lady, has attained a considerable authority over minor ball givers by the formidable resources she develops in respect to the sinews of war. 'Hang the expense,' she chivalrously exclaims, 'I have not crossed the Atlantic for nothing!' If the choicest flowers, the best music, the most soul-stirring Champagne, the loveliest *patés de foies gras et dindons aux truffes*—if gorgeous lights and spacious halls, can win the famous chivalry of France and her famous dames, with a goodly melange of Saxon admirers, I give a *carte blanche*—reckon upon one *pour toujours;* and I have no hesitation in saying that Mrs. Spicer, despite some ill-natured remarks about the homely nature of her early life, is a special favorite. Then there is Mrs. Longueville Clarke, an English lady, who gives 10,000 francs per annum for an unfurnished apartment in the new quarter which is now springing up around the Arc de l'Etoile. One hears of nothing but Mrs. Longueville Clarke. The antagonistic streams seem to rush from her portals—the office of one being to sweep all Paris of all that is refined, beautiful, wealthy, or noble, and convey them to the *salons* of an impatient hostess waiting to be gracious; that of the other to cleanse and weed out all vulgar small fry who, whatever notice may have been paid them in the beginning of her career, are now in her onward course unworthy to come betwixt Mrs. Longueville Clarke and her nobility. Yes, the air is redolent with Mrs. Longueville Clarke. Spiteful people talk scandal about her, and won't know her. Perhaps they have not been asked. She herself is the impersonation of servility or hauteur. Whenever there is a chance of obtaining good materials for her reception—such as station, high character, rare beauty, etc.—Mrs. Longueville Clarke presents her enameled features (and very artistically is that operation performed) and bows and smiles and proffers her hospitality with charming humility. But let some second-rate person, whom, as builders use marble, she has invited to fill up, ask permission to bring another member of her family, not specified in the invitation, and the offended dignity of Mrs. Longueville Clarke will flare up forthwith. 'What! three ladies, indeed,' she said, in answer to a trembling request from a mother that she might bring a second daughter; 'that is too much, I think,' turning away from the crushed suppliant to address some one else. A young gentleman being asked to dinner, appeared at her house in a black handkerchief. Mrs. Longueville Clarke felt defiled, and just as dinner was about to be announced, informed the gentleman that if he thought there was time to proceed to his hotel and make his toilet, she should be happy to see him at dinner. The hint of course sent the guest with the black cravat about his business minus his dinner. But enough of Mrs. Longueville Clarke. The last we heard of her was that the Duke of Brunswick and his diamond epaulets, with his vermilion cheeks and blackened eyebrows, not forgetting the ambrosial wig, was sitting at her feet; and with a first cousin of the Queen of England for her adorer, surely her ambition must be satisfied.

THE EMPRESS'S MASKED BALL.

"The Empress, however, has a notion of not permitting the Spicers, the Longueville Clarkes, the Baroness Wilds, and a host of such other well-meaning people to have the *beau monde* all to themselves. Her Majesty, at the hotel fitted up in the Champs Elysées for the reception of her mother, Madame de Montijo, is about to give a fancy ball, which is to be the nonpareil of the season. Carpenters, decorators, and builders are at work day and night. Wings have been added to the hotel, and an additional front, which have more than doubled its ordinary dimensions. Every body is running after every body to make interest for an invitation, and the hopes, despair, hatred, rivalry, delight, and triumph that are in turn excited would fill a volume. All day long large caravans are rolling through the grand avenue of the Champs Elysées marked *Mobilier de la Coronne*, containing every species of palatial decoration for the coming *fete;* and as the sight tantalizes the eyes of the would-be-invited, all sorts of ingenious contrivances are brought to bear. Ministers, embassadors, consuls, and their subordinates are worried to death. The poor Empress herself would gladly dispense with numbers of those who, from their position about the court and the various foreign missions, must be invited. The very repetition of their faces is perfectly wearisome, she has been known to say, and that she would gladly fill up their places with newer attractions—*mais voila! ca ne rent pas.*

"Report says that her Majesty is to impersonate an oyster-girl, carrying on her arm the picturesque basket in which that succulent bivalve is generally conveyed, while about her will be a bevy of fish girls carrying supplies to meet the anticipated demands. But the shells!—will they contain oysters? or sweetmeats? or what?"

ITALY.

THE VOTE ON THE ANNEXATION OF NICE.

The vote for annexation in the district of Nice was 24,441 affirmative, against 160 negative. About 5000 refused to vote. These latter call themselves the liberal party, and have published a declaration, in which they say, between the kingdom which rejects and the empire which takes possession of the country, the liberal party in Savoy is incorruptible; neither will it abdicate, but will preserve intact the principle of liberty of action, and will abstain from voting.

PROGRESS OF TROUBLE.

At latest dates the insurrection in Messina had been quelled and tranquillity restored, but the insurgents were reported to be in considerable force in the mountains, with the troops unable to dislodge them for want of artillery.

The Papal Government has sent a dispatch to the European Powers, not only protesting against the annexation of the Legations to Piedmont, but hoping that they will put an end to this iniquitous spoliation.

The Pope has appointed Count Merode, of Belgium, his Minister of War.

LAMORICIERE'S MANIFESTO.

The following is the text for the order of the day issued by General de Lamoriciére:

"ROME, *April* 9, 1860

"SOLDIERS! Our holy Father the Pope, Pius IX., having deigned to call me to defend his ignored and threatened rights, I have not hesitated for a moment to resume my sword.

"At the sound of the venerable voice that not long ago proclaimed from the summit of the Vatican to the world the dangers besetting the patrimony of St. Peter, Catholics were moved, and their emotion spread rapidly from one end of the earth to the other. In fact, Christianity is not alone the religion of the civilized world, but it has been the principle and the life itself of civilization, since the Papacy has been the centre of Christianity. All Christian nations now show that their conscience feels these grand truths which constitute our faith.

"Revolution, as Islamism formerly, now threatens Europe; and now, as then, the cause of the Papacy is the cause of civilization and of the liberty of the world.

"Soldiers, have confidence, and be sure that God will uphold our courage, and raise it to the height of the cause, the defense of which he has confided to our arms.

"The General-in-Chief, DE LAMORICIERE."

SPAIN.

END OF THE CARLIST REBELLION.

General Ortega has been executed. Count De Montemolin and his brother Ferdinand, and their valet, were arrested at Arnpasta, near Tortosa, at two o'clock on the morning of the 21st. The *gens d'armes* surrounded the house, and, after having vainly demanded admittance, one effected an entrance through the window. The Princes were arrested, and declared themselves at the disposal of the *gens d'armes.*

TURKEY.

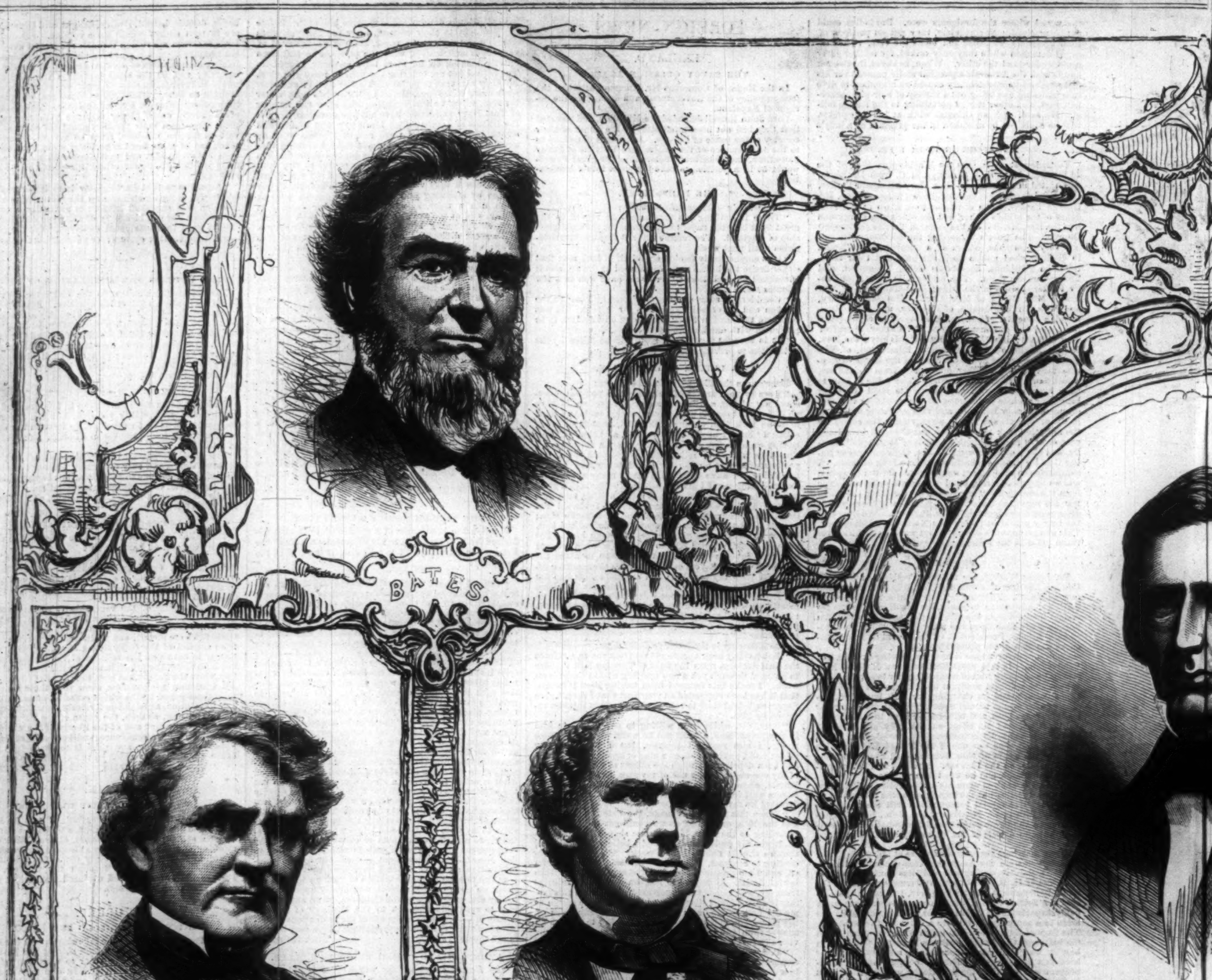
A SCOTCH GIRL SOLD FOR $2500.

The Perth *Courier* has the following: "In the course of last autumn a young lady took ship at the harbor of Dundee for Alexandria, in order to visit two relations resident in that celebrated city. In due time the good ship passed the ancient Pharos, and entered the port of Alexandria. As the passengers were landing, a richly-attired Turk, with flowing beard and magnificent turban, advanced majestically to look at the arrivals, and seemed instantly to be struck with the charms of the young damsel from 'bonnie Dundee.' Immediately he approached her, and suddenly flung a string of figs about her neck. The captain of the ship came forward, and, with a laugh, informed his fair and bewildered passenger that the Turk's gift was a token of admiration and affection. The matter speedily became serious. Through the medium of an interpreter, or dragoman, the Turk entered into conversation with the captain, and inquired the sum for which he would be willing to sell the lady. He had nine wives already, he said, but could he possess this new beauty, she should be queen and 'Light of his harem.' The captain, for the sake of a joke, replied that her price was 60,000 piastres (about £500). The Turk grumbled at the enormous demand; it was just double, he said, what he had paid for the most handsome Circassian, Georgian, or Mingrelian ever brought to the Alexandrine market. The captain, however, stuck to his price; and so the parties separated. But on the following morning, when the captain was escorting the lady to the residence of her relations, the Turk unexpectedly made his appearance, and throwing another fig necklace around the lady's neck, intimated that he was prepared to give the requisite sum. Here was a dilemma. But the captain soon cleared himself. 'Foh!' said he, 'you're too late. I sold her yesterday for a thousand piastres more; so you've lost her.' It may be well imagined that the disappointed Turk went away in exceeding wrath. We may add that the same young lady was married the other day in Dundee."

CANADA.

THE TOUR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Montreal *Gazette* has received from a correspondent an account of the intended programme of the movements of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his approaching visit to this continent. The date of his departure from England is to be the middle of July—the 15th—with a fleet, as before published. His first port on this side of the Atlantic will be St. Johns, Newfoundland. The Lieutenant-Governor of that island, as we have already announced, has received a letter informing him of the intention. Thence he will proceed to Halifax, and thence cross over the country and visit St. John, New Brunswick, and Fredericton. If practicable he will thence cross over to Shediac, where his fleet will go round to meet him, and proceed up the river to Quebec. If he finds difficulty in getting to Shediac, he may cross to Portland and come over the Grand Trunk Railway to Quebec or Montreal. From this he will go to Kingston, and thence to Ottowa; from Ottowa to Toronto; thence across the lake to the Falls, and back by rail to Hamilton. He will go to Sarnia to see the Grand Trunk works there, and travel over the Western States *incog.*; go to Washington, and be the guest of the President; thence visit the Atlantic cities, and have his fleet meet him at Portland; or probably, if he comes by Portland, his departure may be from Quebec, and he may take the Grand Trunk from Portland after the completion of his tour in the United States. Circumstances may alter this programme of proceedings; but we have good information that it has been obtained by authority in England from persons supposed to be most capable of giving the necessary information as to routes, who, in their turn, were given to understand it would be acted upon. August will likely be well advanced before his Royal Highness reaches Montreal.



PROMINENT CANDIDATES FOR THE REPUBLICAN PRESIDE

DENTIAL NOMINATION AT CHICAGO.—[From Photographs by Brady.]

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

WE present on the two preceding pages portraits of the eleven leading statesmen whose names are mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination for President, and we subjoin brief biographical sketches:

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, OF NEW YORK.

William Henry Seward, a United States Senator from the "Empire State" of New York, and the acknowledged leader of the present Republican party, is unquestionably one of the foremost representative men of the age. Few of his fellow-citizens are unwilling to render the due tribute to his intellectual ability, while many regard him as the champion of human freedom and of progress.

Mr. Seward was born in the village of Florida, Orange County, New York, on the 16th day of May, 1801. Of an active disposition, and possessing an inquiring mind, he mastered the rudiments of education at an early age, and in 1816 entered Union College, at Schenectady, where he greatly distinguished himself as a diligent student. Having graduated with high honors, he went to New York city in 1820, and commenced the study of the law in the office of Hon. John Anthon; but the next year returned to his native county, where he completed his legal studies in the office of Hon. Ogden Hoffman, at that time District Attorney.

In 1822 Mr. Seward was admitted to the bar, at Goshen, and soon afterward he removed to Auburn, where he entered into partnership with his future father-in-law, Judge Miller, and where he has since resided. Devoted to the interests of his numerous clients, the young practitioner soon gained a high reputation, and enjoyed a lucrative practice.

Mr. Seward became identified with the "Anti-Masonic" party in this State, and in 1828 was the President of a Young Men's State Convention, at Utica, in favor of the re-election of John Quincy Adams to the Presidential chair. In 1830 he was elected to the Senate of the State of New York, where he at once distinguished himself as a Reformer.

Having served four years as State Senator, Mr. Seward was persuaded, in 1834, to accept a nomination for Governor, in opposition to Hon. William L. Marcy, who then held the position. He was defeated; but two years later he was more successful, defeating his veteran opponent by ten thousand majority. In 1840, after the memorable "Harrison campaign," in which he took an active part, he was triumphantly re-elected.

In 1843 Governor Seward, having declined a renomination, settled down at Auburn to enjoy the comforts of domestic life, and to devote himself to his profession, in which he since occupied a leading position. His practice was varied and extensive, embracing many important patent cases and other civil suits; while at the same time he was regarded as one of the best criminal lawyers in the State of New York.

The nomination of General Taylor in 1848 as the Whig candidate for President was regarded by Governor Seward as one eminently "fit to be made," and he entered into the canvass with great zeal. The State of New York gave Taylor and Fillmore a large majority; and when the Legislature assembled Governor Seward was elected to the United States Senate by a vote of 121 to 30. It was expected that he would have been the controlling spirit of the Taylor Administration; but the untimely death of the President completely changed the aspect of political affairs at Washington.

Senator Seward was one of the most earnest opponents of the "Compromise Measures" passed by the Thirty-First Congress. "I feel assured," said he, in his famous speech of March 11, 1850, "that slavery must give way, and will give way, to the salutary instructions of economy and to the ripening influences of humanity; that emancipation is inevitable and is near; that it may be hastened or hindered; that all measures which fortify slavery or extend it tend to the consummation of violence—all that check its extension and abate its strength tend to its peaceful extirpation. But I will adopt none but lawful, constitutional, and peaceful means to secure even that end; and none such can I or will I forego."

In the Presidential campaign of 1852 Senator Seward advocated the election of General Scott, although he did not approve of the "platform." The disastrous result, which brought about a dissolution of the old "Whig party," did not appear to discourage the Senator from New York, who took bold and decided ground against the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which he denounced in two able speeches.

In February, 1855, Senator Seward was re-elected by a combination of Whig, American, and Anti-Slavery Representatives, who then laid the foundation of the present Republican party, of which he is the acknowledged leader. It was, however, deemed expedient, at the ensuing Presidential election, to place Colonel Frémont in nomination; and Mr. Seward labored on his behalf with the same energetic zeal which had marked his exertions to promote the success of Clay, of Taylor, and of Scott.

After the adjournment of Congress in the summer of 1859 Senator Seward again visited Europe, extending his tour to "the Orient." He was every where received with marked distinction, and was the guest of the sovereigns of the principal governments.

Just previous to Senator Seward's return the entire Republic was politically convulsed by the "raid" of John Brown, which the opponents of the Republican party dexterously availed themselves of.

Senator Seward's speech of the 29th of February (the last which he will ever deliver in Congress, his friends say) dissipated at once the fears of his opponents and the doubts of his more conservative friends.

In personal appearance Senator Seward is remarkably unassuming, of middle size, with light hair toned down by age, prominent features, and heavy, overhanging eyebrows. His smile is cordial, and there is a luminous depth in the searching glance of his keen eyes that betrays a warm heart. Married, early in life, to a daughter of Judge Miller, of Auburn, he has two sons and two daughters, and a portion of his family accompany him to Washington whenever his Senatorial duties call him there. No man has a larger circle of devoted friends, and no public personage of our time enjoys a higher reputation as a cultivated, high-toned gentleman. Politicians of every phase meet at his hospitable board, which is enlivened by his inexhaustible reminiscences and sparkling wit; and could the ultra Fire-eaters select a President from among the Republican candidates named (if one was certain to be elected), they would beyond a doubt name William Henry Seward.

HON. JOHN M'LEAN, OF OHIO.

John M'Lean, LL.D., is a native of Morris County, New Jersey, where his father, an Irish weaver, who had sought a home in the New World, plied the shuttle.

At a very early age, in 1803, he entered the office of the Clerk of the Hamilton County Courts, at Cincinnati, and by laboriously transcribing documents earned a support while prosecuting his legal studies. In 1807 he was admitted to the bar, and commenced practice at Lebanon, Ohio, where he soon obtained a large share of the legal business. About this time he married Miss Rebecca, daughter of Dr. Edwards, of South Carolina.

Mr. M'Lean was in early life a strong Democrat; and in 1812 he was elected to Congress, where he warmly supported President Madison and the war with Great Britain, introducing bills for indemnifying individuals who had lost property in the public service, and for pensioning widows of officers and soldiers. He also served with ability on the Committees on Foreign Relations and Public Lands, and was twice re-elected. In 1816, having been unanimously chosen by the Legislature of Ohio a Judge of the Supreme Court of that State, he withdrew from Congress, and General William Henry Harrison, afterward President, was elected to represent the District. As a judicial officer Judge M'Lean was even more popular than he had been as a legislator.

In 1822 President Monroe appointed Judge M'Lean Commissioner of the Land Office; and in 1823 he was appointed Postmaster-General. Up to that time the postal affairs of the country had been very loosely managed; but Judge M'Lean soon had every portion of the business reduced to a perfect system, and so highly were his services esteemed that the salary of his office was raised from four to six thousand dollars per annum. President Adams retained him in office.

When General Jackson was selecting his Cabinet it is said that he asked Judge M'Lean if he would remain in office yet sanction the removal of postmasters whose politics did not agree with that of the administration. The Judge declined, stating that he was of opinion that public offices should not be conferred as rewards for political services.

In 1830 Judge M'Lean was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court, where he has since maintained a distinguished position, and received the appellation of "the Guardian of the Constitution." In the Dred Scott case he differed from the decision of the Court, as delivered by Chief Justice Taney; and he regards slavery as "a relation created by the local sovereignty—a municipal regulation of limited extent—a domestic relation, over which the Federal Government can exercise no control."

Judge M'Lean is of imposing personal appearance, and neither his mental nor bodily vigor is affected or impaired by age. His wife having died in 1840, he married in 1843 Miss Sarah B. Ludlow, of Cincinnati. A member of the Methodist Church, he has received honorary degrees from the Wesleyan University and other colleges of that persuasion; and he is warmly esteemed by hosts of devoted friends, who admire him as a Judge, agree with him as a conservative politician, esteem him as a citizen, and respect him as a Christian.

GEN. SIMON CAMERON, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Simon Cameron was born on the 8th day of March, 1799, in Maytown, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Both of his parents were also natives of Lancaster County, from whence they removed to Northumberland in 1808, where his father soon afterward died, leaving the family without any other inheritance than an honest name.

Having acquired the "art and mystery" of typography, young Cameron went forth into the world, and, in 1821, was employed as a journeyman printer in the office of the *National Intelligencer* at Washington. Returning to Harrisburg, he entered into partnership in 1822 with Charles Mowry as editor of the Harrisburg *Intelligencer*, then the official organ of the Democratic party in Pennsylvania.

In 1832 General Cameron was chosen cashier of the Middletown Bank—an office which he has ever since held, displaying rare financial abilities, so seldom found in public men.

In 1845, when James K. Polk, the President-elect, tendered the State Department to Mr. Buchanan, and that gentleman resigned his seat in the Senate of the United States, General Cameron, who has ever been the devoted advocate of the protection of American labor, was placed in nomination, and was, by the aid of Whig and of American votes, elected.

From March, 1845, until March, 1849, General Cameron was distinguished as one of the most efficient and useful Senators, serving on several important committees, and exercising a potent personal influence.

After the declaration of war with Mexico, General Cameron was ever ready to vote all the force and supplies necessary for its vigorous prosecution.

A recognized champion of the "American System," General Cameron has not only ever sought to encourage home labor by adequate protection, but has been an advocate of internal improvements. In the Senate he has uniformly supported—by his vote and by his influence—bills for the improvement of our rivers and harbors, and he is identified with the construction of several of the most useful public works of Pennsylvania.

In 1857 General Cameron was again elected to the Senate, where his course has been in strict accordance with the views and interests of the great State which he so well represents.

HON. SALMON P. CHASE, OF OHIO.

Salmon Portland Chase, the last Governor of the State of Ohio, was born at Cornish, New Hampshire, January 13, 1808. His father died when he was nine years of age. In 1824 he entered the Junior Class of Dartmouth College. In 1826 he graduated with distinguished reputation. Soon after he opened a classical school in Washington, and gave instruction to the sons of Henry Clay, William Wirt, and other men then distinguished. While conducting his school he pursued the study of the law, under the direction of William Wirt; and, in 1829, was admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia.

In the spring of 1830 Mr. Chase returned to Cincinnati, and has ever since been a resident of Ohio. While a young attorney, with good prospects, but without a pressure of business, Mr. Chase prepared for publication, in three octavo volumes, an edition of the Statutes of Ohio, which is now received as authority in the Courts. Through the reputation acquired by this work, and by close attention to business, Mr. Chase soon gained a valuable practice. Previous to 1841 Mr. Chase had not been particularly identified with any political party. He supported General Harrison for the Presidency; but disapproved of his inaugural, and of the course of the Tyler administration in regard to the subject of slavery. He united in a call, made in 1841, for a Convention of the opponents of slavery and of slavery extension, which assembled at Columbus, in December of that year, and organized the Liberal party of Ohio. It nominated a candidate for Governor, and adopted an address to the people, written by Mr. Chase, which was among the first expositions of the political movement against slavery extension, and which argued doctrines that are now recognized as the basis of the Republican party. When, in 1843, a National Liberty Convention was assembled at Buffalo, Mr. Chase was an active and influential member. In 1847, at the second National Liberty Convention, Mr. Chase opposed the making of nominations, believing that the agitation of the Wilmot Proviso and the action of Congress would furnish a basis for a wider and more general movement against slavery extension; and in 1848, anticipating that the Convention of the Whigs and Democrats would refuse to give that movement any effective support, he prepared a call for a Free Territory Convention, at Columbus, Ohio, which was largely attended, and which invited the National Convention that assembled at Buffalo in August of that year, and nominated Martin Van Buren for the Presidency. The platform there adopted bore decided evidences of the influence of Mr. Chase.

In February, 1849, he was chosen a Senator from Ohio by the votes of all the Democratic members of the Legislature and of the Free Soil members with Democratic sympathies.

In July, 1855, Mr. Chase was nominated for Governor of Ohio. Before the expiration of his Senatorial term leading public men had zealously urged his fitness for that position, as a representative of the public sentiment of Ohio. His election vindicated the justness of their views. He was inaugurated in January, 1856.

At the close of his gubernatorial term, Governor Chase's political friends insisted that he should be a candidate for re-nomination as Governor; and a peculiar condition of public affairs, growing out of a defalcation of over $500,000 in the Treasury, forbade him to withhold his consent. This defalcation was discovered a few days before the semi-annual interest on the State debt fell due. Promptness on the part of Governor Chase compelled the resignation of the Treasurer, who had concealed the defalcation; secured a thorough investigation; and led to the adoption of a line of policy which enabled the Fund Commissioners to meet punctually all pecuniary obligations, and fortunately avert a large pecuniary loss.

He was re-elected by a large majority over his opponent; and at the close of his term was chosen United States Senator to succeed Mr. Pugh in 1861. He has many friends who urge his claims to the Presidency.

HON. N. P. BANKS, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Nathaniel P. Banks was born in Waltham, a town of that State, on the 30th of January, 1816, and is now, consequently, forty-four years of age. The son of poor operatives, he began what promised to be a destiny of poverty and manual toil in an appropriate place, amidst the whirr of the loom and spindle, the clank and roar of engines, and the bustle of unresting industry. Of course he had but few advantages of education.

When the brief period of school-days had ended, and the stripling was obliged to rely wholly on his own labors for support, he still found time to improve his mind, and all his hours not occupied in the factory were devoted to the grave and important studies of history, political economy, and the science of government.

Mr. Banks first exercised his influence on the public mind through the medium of the newspaper press, as editor of a journal published in his native town. He subsequently controlled the columns of a newspaper in Lowell.

He was for six successive years, in his native town, a defeated candidate for the Massachusetts Legislature; and at the commencement of the gold excitement was about emigrating for a more promising field of political exertion in California, but was deterred by the thought of his obligations to the friends who had so long stood by him, and who desired him to await another trial. On this he was successful, and in 1848 was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature as a representative from Waltham. The fact that from that time till his election to Congress he was regularly returned to the Legislature shows the satisfaction with which his course was regarded by his fellow-townsmen.

In November, 1850, however, Mr. Banks was elected to the Senate from Middlesex County by a majority of about two thousand over his competitor. At the same time he was chosen to represent Waltham in the House, and on the meeting of the Legislature he decided to remain in the popular branch of that body. By a large majority he was chosen, on the first ballot, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. For two successive sessions he held the position of presiding officer of that body.

After repeatedly declining a nomination to Congress, Mr. Banks finally acceded to the wishes of the Democratic party, and in 1852 was elected a member of the National House of Representatives, to which his constituents subsequently twice returned him with increased majorities.

His election to the Speakership of the National House of Representatives was what first brought him prominently before the American people. At the close of his term of service the unsurpassed ability, dignity, and fairness with which he had discharged the duties of the chair were generally conceded, and by none with more distinctness than by his political opponents on the floor. The vote of thanks with which Speaker Banks was honored on the last day of the session eulogized his impartiality in reference to the sectional struggles of the House, with the remark that Mr. Banks "stood so straight that he almost leaned over to the other side." It is a sufficient confirmation of this judgment to say that no decision of the Speaker was ever overruled.

He was elected Governor of Massachusetts in 1857, and still fills the office.

HON. WILLIAM PENNINGTON, OF NEW JERSEY.

Hon. William Pennington is a native of Newark, in New Jersey, where he was born about sixty years ago, and where he has since resided. His father, William S. Pennington, was one of the "Jersey Blues." The son was educated for the legal profession, which he has followed, in his native city of Newark, with great credit to himself, and to the satisfaction of numerous clients.

When a young man, Mr. Pennington was elected a member of the popular branch of the State Legislature; but after serving one term he declined a re-election, to devote himself more assiduously to the duties of his profession and his private affairs.

In 1837 he was nominated by the Whig party, and elected, Governor of New Jersey, which made him, *ex-officio*, Chancellor of the State and President of the Senate. He was re-elected five times by the Legislature, and during the six years of his gubernatorial service gave great satisfaction to the people.

Retiring from a position which he had adorned, Governor Pennington again devoted himself to his profession, and refused good appointments from Presidents Taylor and Fillmore.

At the last Congressional election, however, he could not resist the importunities of his personal and political friends, and he accepted the nomination of the "People's Party," in the Fifth Congressional District.

Governor Pennington was warmly welcomed at Washington as one of the old-school of politicians, with an integrity of principle unquestioned and unquestionable; and, after the long contest which ended in the withdrawal of Sherman, was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives.

HON. JOHN BELL, OF TENNESSEE.

Hon. John Bell was born near Nashville, Tennessee, on the 15th of February, 1797, and passed his early days among the honest and sagacious cultivators of the soil.

Entering Cumberland College, afterward the Nashville University, young Bell graduated in 1816, and two years afterward had mastered his legal studies and was admitted to the bar. Establishing himself at Franklin, Williamson County, he was at once recognized as one eminently well qualified to represent the people; and in 1817, when but twenty years of age, he was elected a State Senator. His *début* was brilliant, but he declined a re-election, preferring to devote himself to the practice of his profession.

In 1826 Mr. Bell was persuaded to enter the field against Felix Grundy, who was a candidate for Congress, receiving the powerful support of General Jackson, the favorite son of Tennessee. After an exciting contest Mr. Bell was triumphantly elected in 1827, and was subsequently re-elected six successive times.

General Harrison, when elected President, invited Mr. Bell to enter his Cabinet as Secretary of War, a position which he resigned after Mr. Tyler became President. He was then tendered a seat in the Senate, but declined in favor of Mr. Foster. In 1847 he was elected, and in 1853 re-elected, a United States Senator from Tennessee; and his course in favor of the Compromise Measures, the internal improvement bills, the increase of our steam-navy, a Pacific railroad, agricultural colleges, and other similar measures, was as marked as was his opposition to the Nebraska Bill, the Lecompton Constitution, extravagant expenditures, and threats of disunion.

Since his retirement from public life he has resided at his home in Nashville, where his accomplished wife and daughters are ever ready to join him in extending genuine Tennessee hospitality to their numerous friends.

HON. EDWARD BATES, OF MISSOURI.

Hon. Edward Bates, of Missouri, was born in Goochland County, Virginia, on the 4th of September, 1793. His ancestors were of the Quaker denomination, but his father fought as a volunteer under Lafayette, at the capture of Yorktown. In 1805, young Bates was left an orphan, the youngest of twelve children, and was brought up by an elder brother, the fracture of a thigh-bone keeping him a prisoner for two years, during which time he continued his studies. On his recovery it was proposed to send him to sea; but he finally decided to emigrate to the then far western city of St. Louis, serving the State, before he left, as one of the volunteer force raised in 1812–'13 for the defense of Norfolk, then threatened by an English fleet.

In 1814 Mr. Bates arrived at St. Louis, then a frontier town almost entirely inhabited by French and Spanish Indian traders, who looked upon the Anglo-Saxons who came from the Atlantic States with no very friendly eye. Studying law, he was admitted to the bar in 1816, and commenced a practice which he has since continued with great success. He was a member of the convention which formed the State Constitution in 1820, served afterward as District Attorney, was a member of the State Senate and Legislature, and in 1827 was elected a Representative in Congress. To use his own words, "The popular storm which blew General Jackson into the Presidency blew [him] out of the track of public life. In the canvass for a second term in Congress [he] was so thoroughly beaten that [he] was content, as the Kentuckians say, to 'stay whipped,' and never again to worry [himself] with the attempt to climb the slippery heights of politics. Thenceforth [he] looked only to professional labor for the means of supporting and educating a numerous family." When offered a seat in the Cabinet by President Fillmore, Mr. Bates declined it, and although still occupying a prominent position at home, he had almost passed from public recollection when brought forward by the Messrs. Blair and Mr. Greeley as the most available Republican candidate.

Since that announcement, Mr. Bates has written a variety of letters, taking rather original positions on the great questions of the day, although he retains his old Whig doctrines, and substantially adopts the platforms of the Republican conventions at Pittsburg and at Philadelphia. Years ago, he manumitted his own slaves and sent them to Liberia, which he considers the true way to end the Negro question; "the agitation of which," he says, "has never done good to any party, section, or class, and never can do good."

Mr. Bates resides at a rural home in the environs of St. Louis, surrounded by a numerous family, and in the enjoyment of the comforts of life, occasionally appearing in the courts in the exercise of his professional labors, and actively engaging in all schemes calculated to contribute to the social or moral improvement of the community with which he has so long and so honorably been identified.

HON. JOHN C. FREMONT, OF CALIFORNIA.

John Charles Frémont was born in Savannah, Georgia, on the 21st of January, 1813. Three years afterward his father, a native of France, died, leaving his mother, a Virginia lady, with three young children. She removed to Charleston, South Carolina, where John Charles received a thorough classical and mathematical education, and where, when but a lad, he gained a livelihood as a teacher in an evening school for apprentices. In 1833 he was appointed teacher of mathematics in the navy, and made a long cruise on the *Natchez*. On his return he joined a party of civil engineers engaged in locating the South Carolina railroads, and afterward was employed on the coast-survey.

On the 7th of February, 1838, Mr. Frémont was appointed Second Lieutenant in the United States Topographical Engineers, and commenced that series of exploring expeditions which have gained him such well-merited renown.

In 1848 Colonel Frémont was the victim of a quarrel between two officers, and was sentenced by a court-martial to be dismissed from the army. The President remitted the penalty; but as he approved a portion of the verdict of the court Colonel Frémont promptly resigned his commission, and started on an overland expedition, in which he nearly perished. On reaching California he settled on the tract known as the "Mariposas" (which he had purchased of Governor Alvarado, in 1847, for $3000), and was chosen, in December, 1849, the first Senator from California in the Congress of the United States. His Congressional career was brief, but before it expired he had introduced several bills calculated to benefit the "Golden State."

After visiting Europe, in order to obtain capital wherewith to work the mines of the "Mariposas," Colonel Frémont again crossed the Continent between the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth parallels of latitude, and commenced suits for obtaining possession of his estate. In 1856 he was unanimously nominated for the Presidency by the Republican Convention, and an exciting canvass ensued, in which he was defeated by the vote of Pennsylvania.

The manner in which Colonel Frémont bore his defeat, and quietly retired to the "Mariposas" to attend to his private affairs, is one of the most commendable features of his useful life. His elopement with Miss Jessie Benton in the fall of 1841 is well known to the public, and his domestic life has been a happy one, even when assailed by bitter political opponents. The daughter of the "Great Expunger" of Missouri has proved to him a "helpmate," indeed; and they have a family of children who are said to be worthy of their parents, and who enliven a pleasant home at the "Mariposas."

HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, OF ILLINOIS.

Hon. Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, was born on the 12th of February, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. His family, although much respected, were not blessed with much of this world's goods, and he was forced to fight his own way through the opening struggles of life's campaign. In this way he became intimately acquainted with the industrial classes, and they now claim him as one of their number—"*The Flatboatman!*" Whether he was engaged in rural pursuits, or in piloting down the Mississippi boats laden with produce, he permitted no opportunity to escape for the improval of his mind. When he had thus, by his own exertions, been admitted to the bar, he settled in the pleasant town of Springfield, Illinois, where he has since resided.

When the "Black Hawk War" broke out, in the spring of 1832, Mr. Lincoln was among the first to offer his services, and was elected captain of a company of Illinois volunteers, at the head of which he distinguished himself during the brief yet effective campaign. He was afterward elected to the State Legislature, taking decided ground as a Whig of the Henry Clay school. In 1846 he was elected a member of the XXXth Congress, where he acted with the Whig party; and at the National Convention which nominated General Scott for President, in June, 1852, he was elected to represent Illinois in the Central Whig Committee. Yeoman's service did he render in that campaign.

In 1856 Mr. Lincoln entered actively into the Republican contest, and two years later the convention of that party nominated him in opposition to Judge Douglas, as Republican senator from the State of Illinois. He was defeated, as is known, but lost none of his reputation with his party.

THE LADY WITH THE BLACK HOOD.

MY story is of a lonely, rock-bound coast, where, for miles and miles, the angry surf beats and foams, and is never still; where the rough winds ever seem to strive against the tall crags that look so grand and stern; while the white-throated sea-gulls are ever wheeling round and round—mere specks in front of the great granite walls. Many a tall ship has gone to pieces there. Many a poor mangled form has been laid to rest upon that narrow beach. And many and many a vision of home, pictured by the ever-changing but ever-beautiful kaleidoscope of hope has ended upon that coast amidst the shrieking winds, and lashing waters, and black driving skies, and all the wild terrors of shipwreck and death. For it is of the rugged coast of Cornwall that I speak, where the Eddystone Light-house lifts its head high above the stormy waves.

Many years ago a storm, the like of which had never before been known upon that coast, raged for four long weeks. For four weeks the rough Cornish men waited for a change of weather, that they might put off to relieve the light-men. And for three of those four weeks they had known that the ten days' supply of provisions was exhausted, or nearly so; and that the three men in the light-house were starving to death, inch by inch. No boat could live in those heavy seas. Ever and anon the light-house bell rang mournfully its warning to the mariner, and its cry for help for those imprisoned men.

There two gray old men sit motionless and silent. They have not spoken for an hour; and the only sounds we hear are the thunder of the waves beating against the rock, and the ceaseless whizzing of the wind outside.

Presently a glimmer of light is seen high up in the dome-like roof. It looks like a star, it is so far off. It slowly comes down, the shadows flitting

about with ghostly effect as it comes nearer; and presently you see a man carefully descending a kind of ladder, until, disappearing for a moment, he suddenly enters by a door we have not seen before.

"Well, father, how d'ye fare now?"

"Badly, Martin; badly. How's the weather? Look out, quick! Unbar the trap. I stifle here in this accursed place!"

The young man started, and cast a hurried look at the speaker. He was not mistaken, however; those despairing tones were those of his father, though strangely altered, and he silently did as he was bid. No comfort was conveyed by the burst of air that nearly threw him backward as the loosened trap flew open. It was as much as all his strength could do to close it again.

"Cheer up, old friend!" said the other man, Sholto by name. "We are sure to have help soon. I think I saw a light in the east a little time ago."

"I tell you we shall die in this prison of a place. I know we shall. The Warning came to me again last night. The same form that I have seen so often before came to me last night. 'What d'ye stare at me that way?' I says, but it never moved. There, close by that door it stood, in a long cloak with hanging sleeves, and a black hood with white next the face."

"Martin Brunner," said Sholto, "put such things out of your head; it's bad enough to be shut up as we are."

Starvation is at all times a terrible thing; but here, where the position of the men was so helpless, and their puny strength so utterly mocked at by the elements, it seemed miserable indeed! All had borne up well as became true men. The father and son had tried to comfort each other as became such, and Sholto's grasp of the hand had seemed to be more firm, and his clear, honest eye to beam with a more friendly look, as his face grew paler and his form more bent. But on old Martin a fearful change had come. His homely couch for days had been no resting-place for him, for he tossed and moaned all night, though fast asleep, as if possessed. Words can, of course, be multiplied indefinitely; but few are needed to tell that, as the old man's body grew weak, his brain seemed more active, and his mind to recall something which a stronger frame and busy duties had enabled him to throw off. The others had marveled much at this change. They could not rest and see him suffer thus, and one night had agreed by turns to watch him in his sleep lest he should do himself a mischief, as they almost feared he would. And his sleeping talk was always of the lady with the long black cloak and hanging sleeves, and a black hood with white next the face.

Well, the day on which our story begins had passed, and another night come. It was Sholto's turn to watch his old friend and young Martin's to tend the light, and he made believe to turn in as usual, waiting till the other slept or seemed to sleep. He had not waited long before a piteous moaning, such as he had never heard, smote his ear, and he got out of his berth and listened, and then came into the room. He was *frightened* by what he saw; for Martin Brunner, whom he had left quiet, was again seated in his chair, ghastly pale and staring at vacancy, with a face such as it does not often happen to a man to have, or, thank Heaven, for many of us to see. Sholto called the son down, and together they approached the dreamer—if indeed he was one.

No token of recognition was in the old man's eyes. He had the far-off look of a caged tiger who remembers his wild freedom—that restless, strange look never seen save in insanity or brutes. They spoke to him, but only a painfully troubled light seemed to flit across his mind as if he knew but could not remember the faces near him. "Away!" he muttered. "Another devil come to me; isn't it enough that *she* is here? Is there to be more blood—didn't I wash my hands—didn't I pray every night all these years?" And then he broke out into a wail like a child's, and, twining his hands into his long gray hair, cried that for him there was peace no more—never, never, never more.

The two men laid hands on him and carried him to his bed, he keeping up that terrible cry all the while; until at last he slept again, and they left him alone. Neither spoke of what he had heard, though each felt a dreadful sinking of the heart that neither could explain.

Next day the old man was up and came to where they were polishing the reflectors by the break of day. They started at seeing him, but did not speak. He saw the movement and laughed quietly, with a more dreadful meaning in his face than he had last night.

"Well, Sholto, my lad, how fares it now? How's the weather? Wasn't I ill last night? Didn't I talk as if I was mad? Ha! ha! *Me* mad!"

"Very ill," said the other. "You *did* talk as if—"

"As if I was dreaming; so I was; I dreamed that it was fifteen years ago—"

"Fifteen years ago," said Martin, under his breath.

"And I was living on this coast—"

"On this coast," again echoed the other, as if unconsciously.

"And there was a lady—"

"Stop!" said Sholto, suddenly laying his heavy hands on the other's mouth. "I, for one, want to hear of no dreams. God forgive us all, for we are but poor, weak creatures, that have enough to do with waking times. To work, to work. I'm near worn out; but all I want to do is to work till I die, and not to listen nor to talk. If poor Letty finds my bones here she'll have 'em buried decently—that's all we have to think of now."

From most men these few words would show some intensity of feeling; with Sholto they were as if wrung from a strong heart and a brave spirit utterly broken down. So long as the two old men had suffered together they suffered cheerfully. Now they were together no longer. Out of the grave of memory a spirit had arisen and put them asunder; a memory of some deed—Sholto dared not ask what—which had poisoned the life of his friend, between whom and himself confidence, trust, esteem could exist no more. Worse than all, his daughter Letty loved young Martin, and the wedding had been fixed to take place in the spring, and the plans of the young couple had been one of the most frequent topics of conversation. But how would it be now? Martin Brunner was—what? Were his ravings the confessions of a guilty conscience or not? He hardly dared to think.

For all that he determined not to seem different to young Martin; but his very effort to appear unchanged betrayed him; and the three men went on about their work as if suspicious and afraid of each other.

At last, when they least expected it, help came. Just at the moment when it seemed to them that body and senses would hold out no longer there was a shout outside. A shout outside of "Light-house, ahoy!" and in a moment more the desolate room was full of busy life. The relief men, other men—kind, rough men—women, large and sunburned, perhaps, but with eyes full of sympathy. A moment more and the lamps of life, so nearly out, were trimmed, and the famished men were saved. A kind, good lady had come with them—a Sister of Mercy, from foreign parts; and, best of all, Letty Sholto, old Sholto's daughter! *She* had been the first in the relief boat; she it was who had encouraged all the rest, and, when others had given up hoping, had watched the sky, and had seen the first faint light that told of better weather; and, when old sailors hardly dared venture to put off in their boat, had seized an oar and dared them to follow. Well, was not her father in the light-house, and her own dear Martin too?

But the shadow of the mystery had fallen upon all like a blight. Every minute seemed an hour, and every hour a day, if time is to be measured by anxiety and grief.

It was impossible that with these rough outspoken men this could last long. Young Martin was the first to speak. Beckoning Sholto aside, he said he had a word or two to say. "I know it, lad," was the almost stern response. "Speak out like a man; you've been one so far."

"This dream of my father's is a dreadful thing," said the young man, in a low, hoarse voice.

"Lookee here, young man," said the other. "For sixty years, man and boy, I've lived on this coast, and never heard words like those he spoke. Not a stain has been on our character, or any of my people, all that time, and if he hadn't come among us never would. I've always done right myself, and—and—Letty—poor lass!" and the man turned away.

"Stop," said Martin, earnestly, "I know what you'd say, and I'll not ask you to say it. This night I'll go away—me and father both: she sha'n't have this story told her to blight her heart: don't ever tell it to her—in time she'll maybe forget me."

"Martin," said the other, "I'm a poor weak man, and perhaps wrong; but I love my child, and I won't bid you stay."

Letty had approached silently while this was said, and had heard every word; but how changed she was! The girl—scarcely more—had suddenly grown to a woman, and all her father's grave resolution had come into that gentle face. She put her hand into Martin's, and looked from one to the other.

"What is this!" she said; "who shall part us—who *can*?"

"That young man's father knows, girl. Ask him," said her father.

"Then I *will*," said she, calmly, and turned to go to where the old man had been sitting, cowering over the stove.

But he too had come near and suddenly spoke:

"Neighbors, mates, come here all: every one! For fourteen years I've had about me a dreadful secret, day and night. Day and night she has never left me—the pale lady with the long black cloak with hanging sleeves, and a black hood with white next the face."

The good lady that had come in the boat stepped back; delicacy, perhaps, made her keep out of sight.

"It happened a good many years ago. I can't remember the time; but it was before I came here, that I was poor, desperately poor. I hadn't been always so; but I got into bad company, and one Harding and myself had gone down the hill together. Lost our work, lost our friends, and lived at last I don't rightly know how, in a lonely deserted house, with only a few sticks to call furniture, and often, very often, but hard crusts to eat, or a raw turnip out of the fields. I knew he was a bad fellow, mates; but a rat would have been company, and so we stuck together.

"One night we were sitting by the cold hearth, with our bellies empty and our hearts sick—too cold and hungry and lonely to talk or even to think.

"All of a sudden there comes a knock to the door, and I went to see who it was that could want us. It was a lady on a pony, and she asked if we could direct her to some house or place of shelter, for she had lost her way.

"It was a bitter night and raining hard; it wasn't safe for any body to be abroad that didn't know the coast, and the cliffs were very near. Says I, 'Madam, we are very poor men, and have but a bare floor and a roof to offer you—it's shelter, though, for a few hours, and you're welcome.'

"'I'll take it gladly,' says she, and so gets off her pony and comes in. She was a pretty woman with a gentle voice, and she was dressed in a long cloak with hanging sleeves, and a black hood with white next the face. She had with her a pair of saddle-bags, and she asked us to carry them up stairs for her as they were heavy; and I took them up, and then she went herself to lie down, for she was very tired. As she bade us good-night she gave us money, and so with a 'God bless ye!' was gone.

"We sat a long time and never spoke. At last Harding looks at me aside, and says he, 'I think she's asleep.' We listened, and there was no sound.

"'We're very poor,' says he; and then we listened again.

"'These saddle-bags were heavy;' still I did not speak. 'Did you hear her say there was money?'

"Still I did not speak. I could not. Mates, I was hungry. Stupid, sick, careless with poverty for days and weeks and months. Mates, I didn't stir when, with a long, long look, straight into my eyes, a dreadful look, he gets up and slowly creeps up stairs, stopping and listening on every step. Mates, I didn't stir when I heard the floor above creak once, twice. Mates, I didn't stir off my chair when I heard the rustle of clothes and a dull sort of blow. Mates, d'ye hear me, I didn't shriek—I didn't yell or rush from the house—but sat upon that accursed chair, in that accursed house, on that accursed forever night, when I heard a kind of long, long heavy sigh up in the room above, just like the noise the man we found, mates, near drowned, made just before he turned over and died. But as God is my witness, although I knew he meant to rob her, I sprang at him like a tiger when I saw him come down those stairs carrying in his arms the lifeless body of the poor lady.

"He was too strong for me and flung me back; she lying on the ground and never moving while we fought till I was stunned by a fall upon the hard floor. When I came to myself, which I did soon, he was on his knees counting money—gold and silver and bank-notes. He looked up and our eyes met. 'Lookee here,' says he. 'It's done now, and it's got to be hid; so you'd better get up and help me, or I shall have to shut your mouth like I did hers.'

"What devil had entered into him that he should have such power over me I don't know, but I obeyed him. I didn't think of safety for myself, though I knew that nothing could make any one believe that I hadn't a hand in that cruel deed. Mates, don't turn from me; I cried like a child when I knelt down by her side, and took her head on my knee, and looked where his knife had cut into her white throat. Then I lifted her up and carried her out.

"I took her out into the cold silent night. I took her out where the stars were shining—for the rain had ceased now—and the moon lit up all around with ghastly light. I took her down by the beach where the tide was out and the sand was dry and soft, and I laid her there in a shallow grave scooped out with my hands. As I laid her down her face seemed to move with a sweet smile as if she forgave me, and I didn't cover it up. And I went away, and never saw that place, or that house, or Harding any more. And from that day to this I have been mad, and from that day to this she has never left me—the lady in the long cloak with hanging sleeves, and a black hood with white next the face."

With these words a great fear fell upon all there, in that rock-bound dwelling; for as the old man ceased, and, hiding his face, was silent for a long while, a tall form slowly and solemnly glided from the gloom in which she had stood, and with finger pointed to heaven, turned to them:

"By the mercy of God, I had not lain in the sand long before a boat came there and found me just as the flowing tide had uncovered me; and I was saved, though my wound was severe, and I was ill for many long months. Living abroad since for many years, I only returned to these parts a few days ago; and I thank our Heavenly Father, who has guided me to this place to forgive with my lips as in my heart I have done long ago."

And the strange lady had a sweet face and a gentle voice, and she wore a long cloak with hanging sleeves, and a black hood with white next the face.

Great joy came on all. Old Martin's cry of "A ghost, a ghost!" was loud and shrill, and he fell at her feet like one dead. But strong arms lifted him up, and old Sholto only brushed away tears from his honest face as his daughter took the old man's head tenderly upon her gentle breast, while the strange lady knelt down before a little cross which she took from the chain about her neck.

HON. CALEB CUSHING,

PRESIDENT OF THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.

WE give on the next page a portrait of Hon. Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, who presided over the Democratic Nominating Convention at Charleston, South Carolina. Mr. Cushing has been frequently brought prominently before the public, and his features are familiar to many.

He is a man of sixty years of age, having been born in Essex County, Massachusetts, in 1800. He was bred a lawyer, and practiced for many years at Newburyport, Massachusetts. At the age of twenty-five he became a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and served two terms. In 1829–'30 he published his first works—a "Review of French Affairs" and "Reminiscences of Spain," and became connected with the *North American Review*, which was then the focus of all the best minds of New England. His first Congressional term began in 1835; he served four consecutive terms with credit, and only relinquished his seat when he was sent to China by President Tyler. He concluded the famous Cushing treaty, in 1846, of which a recent well-informed writer says that it is the best treaty ever made with the Chinese either by the Americans or any other foreign nation. At the outbreak of the war in Mexico Mr. Cushing, like Mr. Pierce and Mr. Davis, volunteered; and, like them, rose to the rank of Brigadier-General. At the close of the war General Cushing resumed the seat he had formerly occupied in the State Legislature, and held it until, in 1851, he was made a Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Under Mr. Pierce, as is known, he became Attorney General, and discharged the duties of that onerous office with fidelity and ability. In March, 1857, he retired to Massachusetts.

Mr. Cushing is an ardent Democrat, rather of the Southern than the Northern school. His choice for President is believed to be Jefferson Davis.

THE SOUTHERN BOLTERS IN CONVENTION.

WE give on next page a picture of the Southern bolters from the National Democratic Nominating Convention at Charleston as they met in St. Andrew's Hall on the evening of 30th April. The States represented, in whole or in part, were Alabama, Kentucky, Delaware, South Carolina, Louisiana, Maryland, Virginia, Georgia, and Florida. The assemblage was organized by the election of John C. Preston, of South Carolina, to the chair.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XIII.

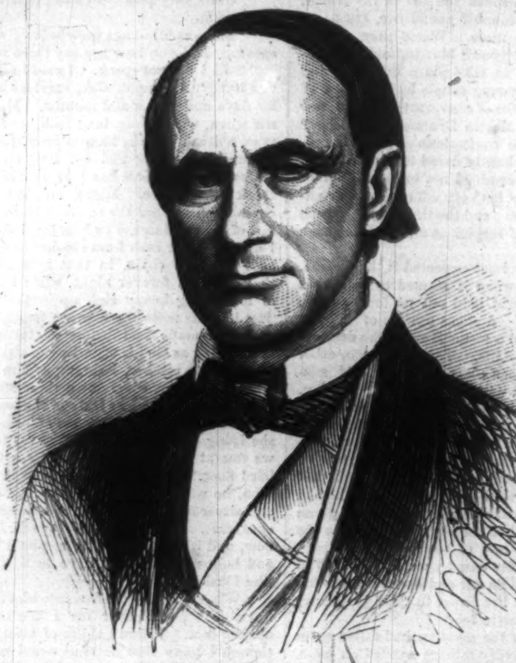
A MANLY FANDANGO.

TWILIGHT had taken the place of the red sun, the stars came timidly out one by one, and then in sparkling clusters the brilliant constellations illumined the blue heavens as the rosy twilight faded again away. Then the ripple of the inlet came with a tranquil musical sound upon the white pebbly beach, the lizards in the holes and crevices of the rocks began their plaintive wheetlings, the frogs and alligators joined in the chorus from the low lagoon in the distance, and the early night of the tropic had begun. But louder far than the hum of the insects and reptiles, and brighter than the lamps of heaven, arose the wild shouts and songs of the pirates carousing, where the torches and wax lights lit up the scene of their orgies with the light of day. The great mess-room was a blaze of light from candles and lamps, stuck in brackets or gilt sconces about the walls, or hanging awry in broken chandeliers from the lofty beams. The remains of their feast had been cleared away, and the tables were covered with bottles, cups, and glasses, with boxes of cigars and pans of lighted coals. At one end of the room was a large table, on which was laid a black cloth with a broad silver border—sometimes used by the Padre on great occasions—and covered with cards and piles of Mexican or Spanish dollars. At the other end was a raised platform, where were four or five swarthy fellows with guitars in their hands, strumming away in the clear rattling harmony of Spanish boleros and dances, shrieking out at intervals snatches of songs in time to the music, or twirling the instruments around their heads in a frenzy of excitement. At the tables, too, were more of the excited band vociferating with almost superhuman fluency in various languages their exploits, pausing occasionally amidst the hubbub to clink their glasses together, and then chattering and yelling on as before. In the centre of the apartment were some half dozen of the same sort either spinning around the floor in the waltz or moving with a certain air of careless, manly grace, one toward another, in the gavotte or bolero. There were at the least some sixty or seventy of these fellows in the room together. Most of them were above the middle height, with silk sashes around their waists, with broad shoulders, large gold ear-rings, bushy whiskers, and flowing hair. They were apparently from all climes, from Africa to the Mexican Gulf, and their features and complexions partook of every imaginable type, from the light skin and florid complexion of the Swede to the low brow, oval, olive cheek of the Mediterranean, and the coal-black hue and flat nose of the Bight of Benin.

While the uproar was at its height, and the lofty tiled roof was ringing with the gay and ribald songs and shouts of the excited crowds, two persons appeared in the door-way at the middle of the room, and entered. In a moment, as the busy revelers beheld them, the dance ceased, the music of the guitars died away in a tinkling cadença, the glasses stopped clinking, the dollars no longer chinked, and the songs and shouts were hushed. You might have heard a real drop for a minute, until one of the individuals who had entered slowly walked forward a few paces and threw his right hand aloft in salutation. Then burst forth a hoarse, simultaneous shout of "*Viva nuestro amigo! Viva el Capitano!*"

Captain Brand did not pause until he had reached the centre of the great hall, where he stood calmly looking around upon the swarthy groups who crowded about in circles at a respectful distance from him; and then amidst the silence he spoke up, in a frank, off-hand manner:

"Well, my men, I am glad to see you all once more around me. You have not been so successful as I hoped, but we must take the good and ill luck as it comes, and I have no fault to find with you. The times, however, are bad enough; for I have certain news that our retreat here, where we have so long been hid, may be



HON. CALEB CUSHING, PRESIDENT OF THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATING CONVENTION.—[See preceding Page.]

discovered"—the villains around held their breath and let their cigars lie dead in their mouths—"but," went on their commander, "I shall do all that is prudent in the circumstances for the benefit of all of us; and if we leave here you will still have me for your leader, and my head and heart and blade ever ready to advise or protect you." As he stopped speaking another cheer arose:

"*Viva nuestro amigo! Viva! viva el Centipede y el Capitano!* We stand by you until death!"

"Thank you, my friends; I have but one more word to say. The men who have the relief at the signal stations and the water battery must keep sober. Now go on again with the music."

The Captain, however, did not immediately quit the hall, but while the revel began once more with all its enthusiasm, he moved amidst the crowd of his adherents and said a cheerful word to many.

"Ah, Pepe! your arm in a sling, eh! a graze of a grape-shot, eh? Why, Hans, you here! nothing can hurt *you!* Well, Monsieur Antoine, how well thou art looking, and that pretty sweet-heart of thine at St. Lucie! Bah! never look sad, man; thou shalt see her again. What, my jolly Jack Tar! an ugly scratch that across your jaw—a splinter, eh? Never mind; a little plaster and half allowance of grog will put you all right again. So good-night, my friends! Adios!"

Saying these words, all addressed to the individuals in their different languages, he gave a graceful wave of his hand and passed out of the building. As he rejoined his friend, the Commander of the *Panchita*—who had waited at the threshold, while his wary glim of an eye searched the faces and read the thoughts of all the villains who clustered about the room—they both stepped out into the court-yard and sauntered pleasantly on toward the crag. They had not, however, proceeded many paces before they encountered the Padre and the Doctor.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Captain, who was in advance, "how goes it with my Doctor?" shaking his hand as he spoke. "Oh, mi Padre, how art thou?" turning to Ricardo.

"Salve, my son! not been so well this morning with the old rheumatism in my head."

"Drunk!" said sententiously the Doctor.

Then again with a gay laugh to the other, "Well, my Doctor, your first cruise has not been so pleasant in the *Centipede* as I hoped it might be, but the next may be more agreeable."

"Perhaps so, Captain Brand; but I shall have a word or two with you on that subject tomorrow; and in the mean while, Señor, I brought a little boy back with me who is ill with fever, and my quarters are so stifling hot, and the air from the lagoon is so bad, that I would like to stow him for a day or so, with your permission, in your quarters, where it is cooler."

"Certainly, Doctor; why not? my house and all in it are at your service. By-the-way, I was about to ask you and the Padre to dine with me and Don Ignacio there. Will you join us? Yes? Then let us move on, for dinner must be ready by this time, and it would be a sin to keep Babette waiting." Excusing himself for a few minutes, the Doctor went for his sick charge and returned with him in his arms to the Pirate's dwelling.

CHAPTER XIV.

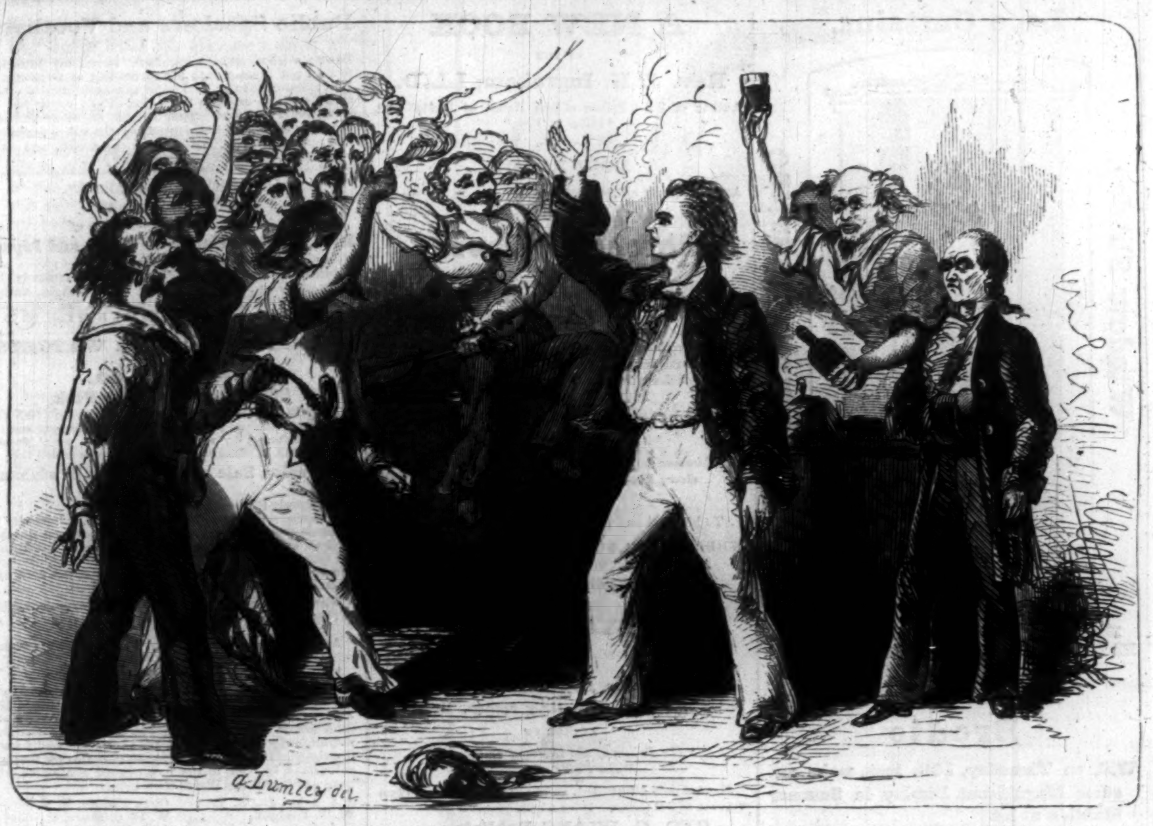
A PIRATE'S DINNER.

When the guests had assembled in the Pirate's saloon it was some minutes before their host appeared. When, however, he did step into the room from his private apartment adjoining, he was altogether an outward man of a different appearance than he presented in the early morning. In place of the loose sailor summer rig which he then wore he was now attired as a gentleman of elegant fashion of the time in which we write. His lower limbs—and very neat and straight they were—were clothed with flesh-colored silk stockings, and fitted into a pair of pointed-toed pumps with buckles of brilliants that a duchess might have envied. A pair of white cassimere breeches, which set off to advantage his well-shaped leg, were tied in a dainty bow of rose-colored satin ribbon below the knee, and fitted him like a second skin. His waistcoat was of rose-colored watered silk embroidered with silver, and which, with its flaps and ample proportions, was half-way hidden by a dress-coat of green velvet. This last garment had a sort of navy cut, with standing collar richly laced with silver, gold buttons in a double row of the size of doubloons, with loose sleeves and cuffs heavily laced with silver also. His linen was of the most gossamer fineness, the collar thrown slightly back and confined by a single clasp of rubies the size of beans, while below was a frill of cambric ruffles sparkling with opal studs framed in diamonds. The ruffles, too, at his wrist were of the most beautiful point lace, secured by royal brilliants, and he was altogether a dandy of such princely magnificence that the courtiers of the days of the old French monarchy might have taken him for a study. His manner, likewise, was every way in keeping with his splendid attire; and the ease and grace with which he excused himself to his guests for keeping them waiting certainly denoted a knowledge of a higher order of breeding and society than that in which his lot had been cast. From the very moment of his entrance, however, Don Ignacio had measured him at a glance. His single glittering eye of jet had taken him in from the laced collar of his coat to the buckles of his shoes. Not a jewel in his dress, from the flaming opals in his bosom to the brilliant stones at his wrists, and down to the sparkling clusters at his feet, did not his own uneasy optic drink in the flash and estimate the value. Nay, he calculated by instinct the weight of the gold buttons on his coat and the price of the exquisite lace which fell in snowy folds about his hands. Oh, a rare mathematician was Don Ignacio! What greedy thoughts, too, passed through that little Spaniard's brain? Ah! thought he, shall I take my debt in those priceless gems, each one the ransom of a princess, which the old Capitaine General may one of these days reclaim? Hola! no! Or shall I receive more negotiable commodities in gold, cochineal, or silk? Well! veremos! we shall see!

The effect produced upon the good Padre Ricardo was altogether different. As the Captain burst with all his glorious raiment upon him he started back, and bowing before him—as if he were Saint Paul himself, and his idolater for the first time kneeling at high mass in St. Peter's—he seized his superior's white hand and kissed it with fervent devotion. Not satisfied with this mark of respect, he raised his dingy paws, holding his crucifix before him, and murmured, in a sort of ecstasy,

"*Mi hijo! mi Capitano! que brillante!* My son! my Captain! what a brilliant being you are?" Singularly in contrast, however, was the effect produced upon the Doctor, who merely raised his dark eyes in an abstracted gaze, gave a careless and rather contemptuous nod of recognition, and then turned to examine one of the richly inlaid cabinets which adorned the saloon. All these various phases of sympathy, attraction, or contempt, flickered like a sunbeam into Captain Brand's reflecting brain, as with a delicately perfumed handkerchief in one hand, and a gold enameled and diamond incrusted snuff-

MEETING OF THE SOUTHERN SECEDERS FROM THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT ST. ANDREW'S HALL, CHARLESTON, APRIL 30, 1860.—[See preceding Page.]



"THEN BURST FORTH A HOARSE, SIMULTANEOUS SHOUT OF 'VIVA NUESTRO AMIGO! VIVA EL CAPITANO!'"

box in the other, he bowed gracefully to his visitors and seated himself at table.

The table was now rolled out into the centre of the saloon, laid with a snowy white damask cloth, and covered with the equipage for a banquet. At either corner were noble branches of solid silver candelabra, which would have graced an altar, as perhaps they had, and holding clusters of wax lights, which shed their rays over the display below. In the centre arose a huge épergne of silver, fashioned into the shape of a drooping palm-tree, whose leaves were of frosted silver, and about the trunk playing a wilderness of monkeys. Beneath, around the board, were cut-glass decanters, flat bulbous flasks of colored Bohemian glass, crystal goblets, delicate and almost shadowy wine-cups from Venice, silver wine coolers, all mingled in a heterogeneous collection of rare china and silver dishes. Such wines, too, as filled those vessels! Not a prince or magnate, in all the lands where the vine is planted, could boast of so rare and exquisite a collection. Pure, thin, rain-water Madeira, full threescore years in bottle! Pale, limpid Port, whose color had long since gone with age, and left only the musk-like odor; flasks of Johannisberg of pearly light; bottles of Tokay for lips of Cardinals; tall, slim stems of the taper flasks of the Rhine. The ruby hues of wine from the Rhone stood clustering about amidst pyramids of pine-apples, oranges, and bananas—and all loading the air of the saloon with their delicious fragrance.

When the party had become fairly seated around the board, and while the host was bailing out the soup from an enormous silver tureen with a tea-cup—for it did not appear that he had ever been presented in the usual way, with a ladle—fishing out the floating morsels of rich callipee, with the delicate frills of his sleeve turned back, he began the conversation in the Castilian language:

"Well, amigos, we are taking our last feast together, I fear, on this little cluster of rocks for a long time to come. Another spoonful, Doctor?"

"How!" exclaimed the Padre, as he stuffed a wedge of turtle fat in his oily mouth and opened his round black eyes to their fullest extent in manifest surprise.

"*Como, mi hijo!*" he repeated, as he passed a dirty paw over his smooth chin and looked inquiringly.

"Yes, Holy Father, our good friend Don Ignacio here has brought us somewhat startling intelligence. Capital soup this. I shall give Babette a dollar. Yes, the eagles and vultures are after us; all the West India fleet; the Lord only knows how many ships, and brigs, and gunboats. Glass of Madeira with you, Doctor?"—wiping his thin lips with a corner of the damask table-cloth as he spoke—"and they have tampered, too, with my old friends, the Custom-house people—take away the tureen, Babette—and in point of fact, I shouldn't be the least surprised to see a swarm of those navy gentlemen off the reef here at any moment. A sharp knife, Babette, for these teal; a duck should be cut, not torn. Try that Moselle, Don Ignacio, I know your fancy for light wines. This was given me by a—Captain—'pon my soul, I forget his name; he had such a pretty wife—Madame Matilde"—glancing at the frame of miniatures on the wall—"sweet creature she was! took quite a fancy for me, I believe, and might have been sitting here at this moment, but—a—really I forget her other name! However, it makes no difference—the wine is called Moselle."

Now be it here observed that Don Ignacio drank very little wine or stimulants of any sort, and never by any chance a drop from any vessel which, with his single bright eye, he did not see his host first indulge in. This self-imposed sacrifice may have been owing to his diffidence, or modesty, or deference to Captain Brand, or perhaps other and private reasons of his own; but yet he never broke through that rule of politeness and abstemiousness. Sometimes, indeed, he carried his principles so far as to refuse a meat or the fruits which his host had not partaken of, and always with a slow shake of his brown forefinger, as if he did not like even to smell the dish presented to him.

"What! not even a sip of that nectar, compadre mio?"

The compadre shook his digit and observed that drinking nectar sometimes made people sick.

The Captain laughed gayly, and said, "Bah! learning to drink does the harm, and not the art when properly acquired." During all the foregoing interlude the Doctor remained in his grave, calm way, and only when the Captain alluded to the lady whose husband's name escaped him did he show signs of interest. Then his eye followed the look toward the miniature, and his jaws came together with a slight grating spasm.

Padre Ricardo, however, was in excellent sympathetic spirits, eating and drinking like a glutton of all within his reach, and turning his full eyes, at times, as if to a deity, upon his friend the Captain. Once he spoke:

"But, my son, you were talking of leaving this quiet retreat, where we have passed so many happy hours."

"Yes, friend of my soul! Those fellows with commissions, and pennants at their mast-heads, and guns and what not, seem determined to do us a mischief." The devout Padre crossed himself and pressed the crucifix to his greasy lips. "Ay! they would no doubt arraign us before some one of their legal tribunals! Put us in prison, perhaps; or maybe give us a slight squeeze in a rope or iron collar!" The Padre groaned audibly, and dropped the wing of a teal he was gnawing, forgetting, strange as it may seem, to cross himself. "Hola, mi Padre! cheer up! We are worth a million of dead men yet! The world is wide, the sea open, and with a stout plank under our feet and one of these fellows"—here he balanced a long carving knife, dripping with blood-red gravy, in his hand—"in our belts, who can stop us?"

There was the cold, ferocious-eyed gleam of a dying shark in the speaker's eyes as he went on with his carving; but the priest gave a jerk of trepidation with his chin, and appeared anxious to hear more. "Don Ignacio, try a bit of this roast guana; it's quite white and tender. No? Babette, give me some of that rabbit stew!" The one-eyed individual was likewise helped to some of that savory ragout, and proceeded to pick the bones with much care and deliberation.

"Still triste, my Padre! Come, come, this will never do. Join me in a bumper of this generous old Port. Bueno! may we attain the same age! By-the-way, where did this rich stuff come from?"—holding up the decanter between the light and his face as he spoke.

Don Ignacio's glittering optic pierced clear through the light ruby medium of the wine, cut-glass decanter and all, as he furtively watched his host, and was prepared to dodge in case the heavy vessel should slip out of the Captain's hand. Such things had happened, and might again; besides, a hard flint substance with a multitude of sharp projections, two or three inches thick and five or six pounds in weight, falling on a man's head might kill him. The Don thought of all this, and twitched something up his sleeve with his hand under the table. But Captain Brand, it seemed, had no intention of smashing his elegant dinner set of glass, and putting down the decanter and raising a finger to his forehead, he said, "How did that wine come into my possession?"

"Somebody gave it to you, perhaps. Quien sabe? who knows?" suggested Don Ignacio.

Without heeding the interruption the Captain's eye rested on the brilliant snuff-box on the table beside him, where the letter L was set in diamonds and blue enamel on the back, and catching it with a rap, his face lighted up, and as he took a pinch and passed the box to the Padre, he exclaimed, "Ah! now I remember, my old friend—the Portuguese Countess from Oporto. Dios de mi alma! God of my soul! what a stately beauty was her daughter!"

Here Captain Brand sneezed, and drawing a delicately perfumed lace handkerchief from his waistcoat pocket blew his nose. Meanwhile the box went round the table; Padre Ricardo took a huge pinch with his dirty paws, and feasted his eyes upon the precious lid. The Doctor scarcely gave the elegant bauble a glance as he helped himself. The Don, however, examined it with the eye of a connoisseur, and not only that, but he threw a spark at the Captain's flashy waistcoat, and thought he detected some other article in the capacious pockets besides the handkerchief. Perhaps he may have been mistaken and perhaps not, though he was so very suspicious an old villain that he sometimes did his friends injustice. Nor did he put his thin brown fingers with the few grains of snuff he had dipped from the box to his sheep-skin nostrils till he had watched the effect it had produced on those around him.

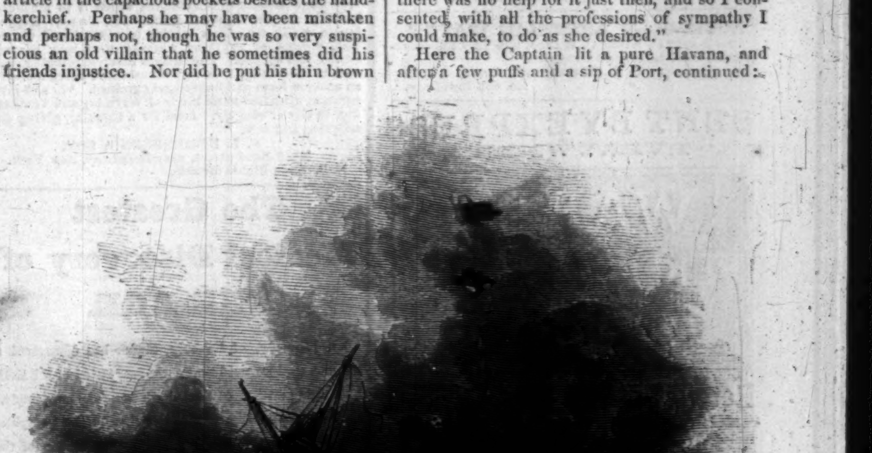
"Ah! my friends, I remember distinctly now all about it," continued the Captain, as he returned the kerchief and shook a few specks of the titillating dust from his point lace sleeve; "it is about three years ago, just before you came to live with me, Padre, that we fell in with a large ship bound to Porto Rico. She had been disabled in an awful hurricane, which had taken two of her masts clean off at the decks, and was leaking badly. We, too, had been a little hurt in the same gale, and having made a pretty good season I was anxious to get back here and give the crews a rest. Well, we made out the ship about an hour before sunset, and it was quite dark before we came up with her. There she lay, rolling like a log, though there was not much sea on, and we could hear her chain pumps clanking, and saw the water spouting out from her scuppers as pure almost as it went into her hold. As we came up alongside, they hailed me for assistance, and said the ship was sinking and could not live till morning. Of course I could give them no actual assistance, situated as I was"—here the narrator smiled—"it would have been simply absurd, you know; the idea of my putting men on board to keep her afloat for the nearest gibbet, I did not dream of. However, I determined to make her a visit, and if there should be any thing to save from the wreck in an undamaged condition, why I should look around: not too much of that Port, mi Padre; think of your rheumatism in the morning! Doctor, you don't drink! Well, going on board, I found two lady passengers: the wife and daughter of an old Judge of the island of Porto Rico, with half a dozen servants, who were all screaming, and praying, and beseeching me to save them—all but one, a tall, graceful girl, with a large India shawl wrapped around her shoulders, her white arms glancing through the folds, and a pair of dark, liquid, almond-shaped eyes, such as I had never before seen. The fact is, my friends, I had always before fancied blue. But there stood this girl with eyes like a wounded stag; I saw her in a moment, as she leaned up against the weather bulwarks, by the light of the open cabin-door. Babette, take away all but the wine and fruit and bring fire. Pass that box this way, if you please, compadre! Thank you."

Don Ignacio seemed to have an affection for the trifle, and had counted the brilliants over and over again, and made a mental calculation of their weight and value; and when he did move it as he was desired, his greedy eye followed it with fascination.

"Yes, it's very pretty, and I set a great store by it," parenthesized the host, as he resumed his tale:

"The girl never screamed or even spoke, and amidst all the hubbub of a drunken skipper and a disorderly crew she remained quiet and unmoved. To assure the people, I told them that I would stay by the ship and do what I could for them. At this the old lady clasped me around the neck and kissed me, and blubbered over me more than she ever did, I imagined, to the old Spanish Judge, her husband—imploring me too, by all the saints she could think of, to take herself and daughter out of the sinking vessel at once. You may believe that I would much rather have been treated in that way by the lovely girl with the wonderful eyes instead of the fat, rancid, old woman beside her; but there was no help for it just then, and so I consented, with all the professions of sympathy I could make, to do as she desired."

Here the Captain lit a pure Havana, and after a few puffs and a sip of Port, continued:



THE PIRATE'S PREY.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Toilet Articles.

Burnett's

COCOAINE.................For the Hair.
KALLISTON ....For the Skin.
FLORIMEL ....For the Handkerchief.
ORIENTAL TOOTH WASH.For the Teeth and Gums.

For sale everywhere at 50 cents per bottle.

AN OLD SONG

Set to a New Tune.

As Spring approaches,
Ants and Roaches,
From their holes come out,
And Mice and Rats,
In spite of Cats,
Gaily skip about.
Bed-bugs bite
You, in the night,
As on the bed you slumber,
While Insects crawl
Through chamber and hall,
In squads without number.

Go to "COSTAR'S"
Go to "COSTAR'S"
Go to "COSTAR'S"—$1 Box (or less) Rat, Roach, Croton-bug, &c., Exterminator.
Go to "COSTAR'S"
Go to "COSTAR'S"
Go to "COSTAR'S"—$1 Bottle (or less) Bed-bug Exterminator.
Go to "COSTAR'S"
Go to "COSTAR'S"
Go to "COSTAR'S"—$1 Flask (or less) Electric Powder for Insects, &c., Moths in Furs, Clothes, Carpets, &c.
Go to "COSTAR'S"
Go to "COSTAR'S"
Go to "COSTAR'S"—Depot Removed to No. 512 Broadway, N. Y. (opposite St. Nicholas Hotel)

Will Destroy

THE VERMIN ON ANY PREMISES.

☞ Druggists and Retailers everywhere sell them.
☞ $1 Sample Box can be sent by mail.
☞ !!!Beware!!! of all imitations of "Costar's."
☞ Country Dealers—address orders to N. Y. Wholesale Druggists, or nearest city, or to H. R. COSTAR, No. 512 Broadway, N. Y.

The Readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY

Can have forwarded to them, with dispatch, any Article this City affords, by sending their Orders, addressed to WM. S. WYSE, Office Harper's Weekly.

Children's Fancy Hats.

In obedience to a growing demand for a high order of

Dress Hat for Children,

we have just opened a new, select and beautiful assortment of recent importation and manufacture, comprising every desirable description and pattern, and furnished in the most appropriate manner. A general assortment of BOYS and YOUTH'S HATS and CAPS, LADIES' RIDING HATS, &c., &c.

WARNOCK & CO., Hatters,
519 Broadway, St. Nicholas Hotel.

HOUSEKEEPING HARDWARE,

J. & C. Berrian, No. 601 Broadway,

Are now offering, at very low prices, a full assortment of goods in their line, comprising, among others,

Cutlery of every quality and description.
Silver-Plated Wares do.
Tea Trays, in sets and singly, in great variety.
Steel-Bronzed and Iron Wares.
Cooking Utensils of every description.
Canes, Willow and Wood Ware.
Refrigerators, Cream-Freezers, Tin Ware, &c.
Chinese Camphor Wood and Cedar Trunks.

N. B.—Catalogues sent gratis to any address.

LOUISVILLE ARTESIAN WATER.

This Natural Mineral Water, now very extensively used, is for sale by all Druggists.

S. T. THOMPSON, Agent,
No. 632 Broadway.

SENT BY EXPRESS EVERYWHERE.

WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS.

Retailed at Wholesale Prices.

Made to Measure at $18 per doz. or Six for $9.

MADE OF NEW-YORK MILLS MUSLIN,
With fine Linen Bosoms, and warranted as good a Shirt as sold in the retail stores at $2,50 each.

ALSO, THE VERY BEST SHIRTS THAT CAN BE MADE AT $3 EACH.

P. S.—Those who think I cannot make a good Shirt for $18 per dozen are mistaken. Here's the cost of one dozen $18 fine shirts.

30 yards of New-York Mills muslin at 14½c. per yd.	$4 35
7 yards of fine Linen, at 50c. per yard	3 50
Making and cutting	6 00
Laundry, $1; buttons and cotton, 50c	1 50
Profit	2 65
Total	$18 00

Self Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions sent free everywhere, and so easy to understand, that any one can take their own measure for shirts. I warrant a good fit. The cash to be paid to the Express Company on receipt of goods.

The Express charges on one dozen Shirts from New-York to New Orleans is about $1.

WARD, from London,

387 Broadway, up stairs,

Between White & Walker Streets, NEW-YORK.

Please copy my address as other houses in the city are selling inferior made shirts at my prices.

Lace Curtains.

Window Shades. Curtain Materials.

Muslin Curtains.

Buff, White, and Green Holland WINDOW SHADES.
Wholesale and Retail G. L. & J. B. KELTY'S, 359 Broadway, N. Y.

MANTILLAS!

Brodie

Will, on Thursday, 10th inst., make another Magnificent Display in Summer Mantles, at his

New Store,
Under the 5th Avenue Hotel,

And at his WELL-KNOWN Stand,
No. 300 Canal Street.

N. B. The "Bedouin" Wrapper is attracting great attention, made both in SILK and ZEPHYR CLOTH.

Misses' and Ladies' Cloaks made to ORDER.

Octagon Revolving Refrigerator.

Hundreds who use it pronounce it the best ever manufactured.

This article, while it is very economical in Ice, has a very large amount of shelf-room, which is so arranged as to be in *five different apartments*, thereby *keeping butter, milk, &c., from coming in contact with meats, fish, melons,* or anything whereby they may become tainted and spoiled. The shelves revolve, bringing each dish to the hand. It is very ornamental, being made in an octagon form and handsomely grained. We also give personal attention to all kinds of Warming and Ventilating, in city or country. Send for a Circular, giving description and cuts.

F. L. HEDENBERG & SON,
No. 3 Bond Street, near Broadway, New York.
N. B. State Rights for sale.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of THE AGE.

Dr. Kennedy, of Roxbury, Mass., has discovered a common pasture weed that cures every kind of HUMOR from the worst SCROFULA down to a common pimple.

By strict attention to the direction in the pamphlet around each bottle, and a judicious application of the Salt Rheum Ointment, Healing Ointment, and Scrofula Ointment, CHRONIC and CORRUPT ULCERS are cured in a few weeks.

For sale by every Druggist in the United States.

Popular Collections of Choice Glees, &c.

TUNEFUL HOURS. Young Folks Glee Book. Western Bell. Boston Melodeon, 3 vols. Boston Glee Book. Parlor Glee Book. Tyrolean Lyre. Price of each $1. Continental Vocalists' Glee Book. Euphonia. Fireside Melodies. 50 cents each. Classic Glee Book. Concordia. 25 cents each. Sent *post paid* on receipt of the price by the publishers. OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 Washington Street, Boston.

CANDLES FROM COAL,
MEDUCCI'S PATENT PARAFINE CANDLES

Are much handsomer, will burn longer, and give a more powerful light than any other candle in the market.

Purchasers are cautioned against imitations of these candles.

For sale by all first-class Grocers, and by
W. E. RIDER, Agent of the Manufacturers,
No. 16 Beekman Street.

Important Invention for married people. For particulars address, inclosing stamp, Dr. H. HIRSHFIELD, Surgeon and Accoucheur, 433 Broadway, N. Y.

A NEW BOOK

BY THE

Rev. J. H. Ingraham, LL.D.,

Author of the "Prince of the House of David" and "Pillar of Fire."

NOW READY,

And for sale by all Booksellers,

THE

Throne of David;

OR, THE

Rebellion of Prince Absalom.

BEING AN

Illustration of the Splendor, Power and Dominion of the Reign of the Shepherd, Poet, Warrior, King and Prophet.

Ancestor and Type of Jesus.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS,

Addressed by an Assyrian Ambassador, Resident at the Court of Jerusalem.

To his Lord and King on the Throne of Nineveh;

WHEREIN THE GLORY OF ASSYRIA, AS WELL AS THE MAGNIFICENCE OF JUDEA, IS PRESENTED TO THE READER AS BY

AN EYE WITNESS.

BY THE

Rev. J. H. Ingraham, LL.D.,

Rector of Christ Church, Holly Springs, Mississippi.

AUTHOR OF

"The Prince of the House of David, and "The Pillar of Fire."

Handsomely Illustrated, and bound in one large 12mo volume of 603 pages. Price $1 25.

GEO. G. EVANS, Publisher,
No. 439 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

Upon receipt of the price of the Book and 21 cents additional for Postage, a copy of the Book, together with a handsome present, worth from 50 cents to $100, will be sent, free of expense, to any address in the United States.

Send for a Complete Classified Catalogue of Books which contains a full description of over 16,000 vols., comprising the writings of all the popular and standard authors of the age.

This Catalogue will be sent free to any address.

Select your Books, enclose the amount of money required, and one trial will satisfy you that the best place in the country to purchase books is at the Head Quarters of

GEO. G. EVANS, Publisher,
Originator of the Gift-Book Business,
And Proprietor of the largest
Gift-Book Establishment in the Country,
No. 439 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

Established in 1834.

JOHN B. DUNHAM,
Manufacturer of the Over-strung
GRAND & SQUARE PIANO-FORTES.
Manufactory and Warerooms
75 to 85
East Thirteenth Street, near Broadway, New York.

Parties in the country wishing Instruments direct from the Factory, can be suited by describing by letter the quality of tone and touch desired.

Purchasers may rely upon the excellence of these instruments. They are warranted for Five Years, and Prices are moderate.

At Walker's Warerooms,

Clinton Hall, Astor Place, near Broadway,
A Large Stock of Pianos of every description for sale and hire.

CARD.

A. & G. A. Arnoux,

So long and reputably known as *Fashionable Tailors,* beg to announce to the public that *they have added a department for Boys' Clothing* to their establishment, in which all the finest and newest styles of goods will be kept. This will enable our customers to obtain all the goods they may be in need of for themselves and the male part of their families at our house.

521 Broadway,
Under St. Nicholas Hotel, N. Y.

Cataract Washing-Machine.

CLOTHING, TIME, and LABOR SAVED—by the best WASHING MACHINE ever invented, and the only one that operates by the action of the water without rubbing, and without wearing out clothing. Prices, $12, $14, and $16. Wholesale Depot, No. 54 Beekman Street, New York. Rights for sale.

SULLIVAN & HYATT.

VERY FUNNY. Send a Red Stamp for Specimen "COMIC MONTHLY" (75 cents per year, to J. C. HANEY, 119 Nassau Street, New York.

Public Speakers and Vocalists.

A Noted Clergyman and public lecturer says of Brown's Bronchial Troches: "In all my lecturing tours, I put Troches into my carpet bag as regularly as I do lectures or linen." Public speakers, vocalists, and all others who exercise the voice, should never fail of using these Troches. They surpass all other preparations in clearing and strengthening the voice, removing hoarseness, allaying irritation of the throat, and as a cough remedy are pre-eminently the best.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York,
A New Edition now Ready of

Lord Elgin's Mission to China and Japan.

Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan, in the Years 1857, '58, '59. By Laurence Oliphant, Esq., Private Secretary to Lord Elgin, Author of the "Russian Shores of the Black Sea," &c., &c. Illustrations. 8vo, Muslin, $2 75; Half Calf, $3 75.

CHARLES FRODSHAM WATCHES.

TIFFANY & CO.,
550 Broadway, New York,

RESPECTFULLY INVITE THE ATTENTION OF their patrons and the public to an arrangement recently perfected, by which, in connection with Messrs. WILLARD & SON, of Boston, they have added the

Exclusive Sale of the Charles Frodsham Watch

to the Specialities of their Establishment.

To every one who finds either a luxury or necessity in accurate time keeping, this most accurate and durable of time keepers presents decisive claims. Combining the results of a long-studied application of science and of a superlatively fine finish, its excellence has been distinguished by the unique awards of

The Gold Medal at the London Exhibition of 1851.
The Grand Medal of Honor (the only award) at the Paris Exhibition of 1855.
And by Prizes from the British Government amounting to over $15,000.

In recommending it to their Patrons, TIFFANY & CO., after a very long and general acquaintance with the works of the best fabricants, and having tested Mr. Frodsham's work by trials of extraordinary severity, are confident in asserting its superiority in every desirable respect, over any watch that has ever come under their inspection. For outside proof of its performance they are authorized to refer to the undersigned gentlemen who have purchased the Watch from them:

J. J. Astor, Jr., N. Y.	Chas. Francis, N. Y.
W. T. Blodgett, "	W. H. Gunther, "
F. L. Vultee, "	J. H. Wainright, N. Y.
W. H. Bulkley, "	Wm. Judson, "
Jno. T. Agnew, "	J. M. Macias, "
Wm. Mason, "	John N. Genin, "
H. M. Stevens, "	R. W. Lowber, "
Jno. J. Herrick, "	J. A. Robinson, "
A. B. Sands, "	E. C. Moore, "
Joseph Allen, "	S. B. Warren, Jr., Troy.
Aug. Fleming, "	C. H. McCormick, Chicago.
I. M. Singer, "	S. H. Alden, Albany.
A. M. L. Agnew, "	Ben. Holliday, San Francisco
R. M. Esteves, "	J. S. Holbrook, L. I.
T. P. Grinnell, "	

(From the New Orleans Picayune.)

"Round Hill.—We freely, and with the unanimous consent of all who have ever visited this charming spot, commend it as a delightful place of sojourn. The scenery is of unrivalled beauty. Valley, hill and river, give it inexhaustible variety, which have been embellished by tasteful cultivation. There are numerous delightful drives in the vicinity, and the Hotel is well kept, containing every accommodation for guests, as well for their comfort as amusement." See Circular sent gratis.

Address Round Hill Water Cure and Hotel, Northampton, Mass.

1828. T. H. Chambers' 1860.

PIANOS, Established in 1828, Formerly Dubois & Stodart, and Dubois, Bacon & Chambers, Bible-House, *corner of 8th St. and 4th Avenue,* opposite the Peter Cooper Institute, New York.

Improved Over-strung, Iron-frame Pianos.

N. B.—Send for a Circular, with description of styles and Schedule of prices.

To Wholesale Dealers in Jewelry.

The undersigned begs to say that, owing to his *unsurpassed facilities,* he is able to offer to the Trade Jewelry of any description on better terms than any other house in New York.

All orders will receive the most careful and *prompt attention.*

W. A. HAYWARD,
208 Broadway.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

For Circulars, address
GEO. F. TUTTLE,
No. 100 Nassau Street, New York.

To Agents,

OR TO CLERGYMEN.

As the subscriber is now enabled to fill all orders for the Engraving of

Peale's Court of Death,

he will send an *outline* and *description,* with, also, the new terms to Agents, to any one who will inclose him a three-cent postage-stamp to prepay postage. For 1 copy, $1 and 4 letter-stamps, or 5 copies for $4, without stamps.

Address G. Q. COLTON,
No. 37 Park Row, New York; Box No. 3,391 P. O.

ASTHMA. For the INSTANT RELIEF and PERMANENT CURE of this distressing complaint, use
FENDT'S
BRONCHIAL CIGARETTES.
Made by C. B. SEYMOUR & CO., 107 NASSAU ST., N. Y. Price, $1 per box; sent free by post.

$1200 per year. Agents wanted. Send stamp to Excelsior Agency, N. Y. City.

Rogers' Citrate of Magnesia,

To which we call the attention of Country Druggists and the Public generally. Put up carefully in the form of Powder, to keep in any climate. For sale by all Wholesale Druggists.

Manufactory 193 Spring Street, New York.

THE
LADIES' READY-MADE LINEN STORE,
987 Broadway, near 26th Street.
Ladies' Undergarments "ONLY."
Out of Town Orders promptly filled by Express.
Circulars of Prices and *Particulars* by mail if requested.

☞ **5000 AGENTS WANTED**—To sell 4 new inventions. Agents have made over $25,000 on one,—better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get 80 pages particulars, gratis.

EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

Derby & Jackson

Have removed to No. 498 Broadway, nearly opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.

THE NEW BOOKS.

Milburn's Pioneers, Preachers, and People of the Mississippi, $1 25.

Hood's Complete Poetical Works. 3 vols., $3 75.

Young's American Statesman. New Edition. Octavo, $3 50.

Private Memoirs of Washington, by Custis, $2 50.

Wild Sports in the South. Illustrated, $1 25.

Our Bible-Class and the Good that came of it, $1 00.

DERBY & JACKSON,
498 Broadway, New York.

Copies of above, post-paid, on receipt of price.

IRON IN THE BLOOD.

DYSPEPSIA, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY.

Affections of the Skin.
Headache.

Why is Iron beneficial in disease?

Why is it efficacious in so many diseases apparently opposite in their nature?

Why is "PERUVIAN SYRUP," or Protected Solution of *Protoxide of Iron* combined, better than any other medicinal preparation of iron?

Since the remarkable cures effected through the Agency of the "PERUVIAN SYRUP" have been made public, the above questions are frequently asked respecting it. They are fully answered in a pamphlet on the "Importance of Iron in the Blood," which can be had on application. The pamphlet contains also numerous certificates of remarkable cures from the following well-known physicians, clergymen and others:

Rev. John Pierpont,	Rev. John W. Olmstead,
Rev. Warren Burton,	Lewis Johnson, M.D.,
Rev. Arthur B. Fuller,	Roswell Kinney, M.D.,
Rev. Aug. R. Pope,	S. H. Kendall, M.D.,
Rev. Gordon Robins,	W. R. Chisholm, M.D.,
Rev. Sylvanus Cobb,	Francis Dana, M.D.,
Rev. Thos. Whittemore,	Jeremiah Stone, M.D.,
Rev. Richard Metcalf,	Jose Antonio Sanchez, M.D.,
Rev. M. P. Webster,	Marcelino Arando, M.D.,
Rev. Abm. Jackson,	Abraham Wendell, M.D.,
Rev. J. Pearson, Jr.,	H. E. Kinney, M.D.,
Rev. Henry Upham,	Jose d'Espinar, M.D.

Pamphlets had on application to the agents, or to
N. L. CLARK & CO., Proprietors, Boston.
Sold by Druggists generally in the United States.
Sold wholesale and Retail by
HARRIS & CO., 429 BROADWAY.

Spalding's Prepared Glue.

For mending Toys, Crockery, &c. Manufactured by
HENRY C. SPALDING & CO.,
No. 48 Cedar Street, N. Y.

Fowler & Wells,

Phrenologists and Publishers,

No. 308 Broadway, New York.

THE PRACTICAL USES OF PHRENOLOGY are: *First*, To teach how to bring all parts of the system into harmonious and well-directed action. *Second*, To understand the function and uses of each separate organ. *Third*, To enable us to govern and educate each faculty and each propensity, increasing the power of some and properly directing others. And, *Fourth*, By combining these lessons, it enables us to "*know ourselves*," and to account readily for each *motive*, *thought*, and *act*, on SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES. And, furthermore, it enables us to indicate, with great exactness in writing, the *Profession*, *Occupation*, or "*Calling*" in Life, in which each person may BEST SUCCEED, and in which he may become most useful and happy.

[Do not fail to have a *full written* description when you can. It will serve your highest interests, as a practical guide through life.]

HALL'S MAY JOURNAL OF HEALTH, No. 42 Irving Place, New York. Public Schools; Cold-water Bathing; Poisonous Rooms; Infants and Air; Gymnasiums; Pure Milk, and where had; A Panacea; Early Breakfast; Growing Old Happily; Spring Dresses, &c. $1 a year.

Agents Wanted

To obtain Subscribers for

LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.

In Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of

1500 Pages and 1100 Beautiful Illustrations.

This work will be SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY AGENTS, to each of whom a special District will be given. Rare inducements offered. Applicants should name the Counties they would prefer. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

SECRET ART OF CATCHING FISH as fast as you can pull them out, *and no humbug.* Sent for $1. Address Union Agency, Providence, R. I.

TWO WORKS, VALUABLE TO THE SICK OR WELL, sent by mail, no pay expected until received, read and approved. Address, Dr. S. S. FITCH, 714 Broadway, New York.

1st. Six lectures on the causes, prevention, and cure of Lung, Throat, and Skin diseases; Rheumatism, and Male and Female complaints. On the mode of Preserving Health to 100 years. 360 pages, 26 engravings. Price fifty cents, in silver or Postoffice stamps.

2d. A work on the Cause and Cure of Diseases of the Heart, Stomach, Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys; on Apoplexy, Palsy, and Dyspepsia; why we grow old and what causes disease. 131 pages, 6 engravings. Price 36 cents. Say which book you wish, giving name, State, county, town, and postoffice.

HARPER & BROTHERS,

327 TO 335 PEARL STREET (FRANKLIN SQUARE),

Have Just Published:

I.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE" AND "SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE."

Library Edition, 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

II.

THE LIFE OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

By J. W. SHEAHAN.

With Portrait. One vol., 500 pages, 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

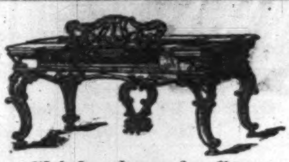
☞ The above Works sent by Mail, postage pre-paid, on receipt of the Price.

The Private Correspondence of ALEX. VON HUMBOLDT.

One vol. 12mo, muslin. Price, $1 25.

"Full of anecdote, gossip, and scandal. A book creating a profound sensation in Europe."

RUDD & CARLETON, Publishers,
130 Grand Street, New York.



Chickering & Son,

Manufacturers of

PLAIN AND OVERSTRUNG

Grand, Square and Upright Piano Fortes,

Warerooms 694 Broadway.

MESSRS. C. & SONS have been awarded 38 Prize Medals for the superiority of their manufacture, during the past 36 years.

Also, for sale at Wholesale and Retail, Mason & Hamlin's superior Melodeons and Harmonians for Parlors, Churches, Lodge and School Rooms. Pianos to Rent.

Warerooms in Boston, 246 Washington Street; Warerooms in Philadelphia, 807 Chestnut Street.

Throat and Lung Diseases.

Of all remedies for *Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Phthisic, Quinsy, Tickling, Irritation*, or Inflammation of the *Throat, Chest*, or *Lungs, Incipient Consumption, &c.*, there is no one which, for safety and efficacy, or which affords such rapid and permanent relief, as the well-known and long-established

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

The only genuine is prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & CO., BOSTON, and is sold everywhere.

PURE WATER.

United States Carbon Filter Company.

CARBON FILTERS of all sizes and descriptions, adapted to the Hydrant in Dwelling Houses, Factories, &c. Also, a great variety of Portable Self-Acting Filters, for Sportsmen, Travellers, Druggists, &c., &c.

164 Broadway, N. Y.

THE MOCK AUCTION. Ossawattomie Sold. A mock heroic poem. With portraits and tableaux, illustrative of the characters and actions of the world-renowned order of Peter Funks. Published by J. W. RANDOLPH, Richmond, Va. Price 75 cents.

Also for sale by Cashings & Bailey, Baltimore; E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia; Sheldon & Co., New York; and Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., Boston.

"This is a poetical work of superior genius, sparkling on every page with the keenest satire. The versification is precisely that of Butler's Hudibras, and the plan is the same."—*Richmond Christian Advocate.*

Singer's Sewing Machines.

AN ENTIRE NEW STYLE.

Designed for all manufacturing purposes, noiseless in its operation, very rapid, and capable of every kind of work. It is the best machine ever produced. Price only $110.

Family Sewing Machines, of new styles, at $75 and $50.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, New York.

The Best Preparation for the Hair.

DR. FOOTE'S CREME DE MAGNOLIA.

Because it will not dry or injure the hair. Because it will not rub off and soil your bonnet, clothing, or furniture. Because it will not turn rancid after being applied to the head. Because it imparts a beautiful lustre, makes the hair dark, soft, smooth and glossy, and removes dandruff. Sold by the Druggists. Wholesale Depot, No. 77 Maiden Lane, New York.

$5 A DAY GUARANTEED. Agents wanted everywhere. Address J. WILHELM & Co., Morristown, N. J.

'TIS FOUND ☞ WATSON'S NEURALGIA KING

CURES

NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM!

The Thousands who suffer torture from these terrible diseases would find immediate relief from all their pain, by using the great internal remedy, WATSON'S NEURALGIA KING, the only known Medicine that will permanently eradicate all traces of the disease from the system. Waste not your time and money on outward applications. Liniments and Oils only temporise, and are of doubtful efficacy. An internal remedy is required, one that will reach the source of the trouble. The NEURALGIA KING is the name of the article which has this power. Price One Dollar a bottle, or 6 for $5 00.

A. I. MATHEWS, Proprietor,
220 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
BARNES & PARK, General Agents, New York.

A Friend in Need. Try it.

Sweet's Infallible Liniment is prepared from the recipe of Dr. Stephen Sweet, of Connecticut, the great bone setter, and has been used in his practice for the last twenty years with the most astonishing success. As an external remedy it is without a rival, and will alleviate pain more speedily than any other preparation. For all Rheumatic and Nervous Disorders it is truly infallible, and as a curative for Sores, Wounds, Sprains, Bruises, &c., its soothing, healing and powerful strengthening properties, excite the just wonder and astonishment of all who have ever given it a trial. Over four hundred certificates of remarkable cures, performed by it within the last two years attest this fact.

MORGAN & ALLEN, Gen'l Agents, 46 Cliff St., N. Y.

"Trefelio" is the True Secret of Beauty.

"TREFELIO" Cures all Eruptions.

"TREFELIO" Softens the Skin.

"TREFELIO" Beautifies the Skin.

"TREFELIO" Eradicates Humors.

"TREFELIO" 50 cents a bottle.

TILESTON & CO., 48 Broadway, General Agents.
Sample bottles sent on receipt of fifty cents in postage stamps.

Spring Fashions.

RICH BLACK SILK MANTLES.
DEEP SILK SACQUES.
STRIPED CLOTH BURNOUS FOR SPRING.
An elegant variety.

JOHN J. BENSON,
310 Canal Street, New York, opposite Mercer.

MICROSCOPES, magnifying 500 times. Four of different powers. Mailed for $1 00.
C. B. UNDERWOOD,
114 Hanover Street, Boston.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.— Now is the time to use

Sand's Sarsaparilla.

It will strengthen the system against the coming warm weather, and prevent unsightly pimples and blotches upon the skin.

THE FOLLOWING GEMS FROM W. V. WALLACES new Opera, *Lurline*, are just published by William Hall & Son, 543 Broadway, New York.

BARCAROLLE. Our barque in moonlight beaming. 40 cents.
ROMANCE, THE SPELL. Flow on, flow on silver Rhine. 50 cents.
ROMANCE. The Night Winds. 75 cents.
BALLAD. Home of my heart. 50 cents.
DO. Gentle Troubadour. 40 cents.
DO. A Father's Love. 40 cents.
DRINKING SONG. As in the Cup the bead flies up. 50 cents.
RECT. and ARIA. Sweet Form that on my dreamy gaze. 50 cents.
BRINDISI. Take this Cup of sparkling Wine. 25c.
Sent by mail on receipt of the market prices.

Harnden's Express.

—DAILY—

Forwards Valuables and Merchandise to and from, and collects drafts, bills, &c., in all parts of the

EAST, WEST AND SOUTH.

Will receive goods, or orders to "call," at

74 Broadway.

IF WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES won't grow upon your face, use my onguent (established 1852), which will force them to grow six weeks from the first application, and without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail, post free, to any address. R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau Street, New York.

The People's Great Book.

EVERYBODY'S LAWYER AND COUNSELLOR IN BUSINESS

By FRANK CROSBY,

OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAR,

Equally adapted to all the States,—its matter entirely reliable, and easily understood, and decidedly the best book of the kind ever published.

Every Merchant wants it.
Every Manufacturer wants it.
Every Mechanic wants it.
Every Professional Man wants it.
Every Bank Officer wants it.
Every Bill and Note Broker wants it.
Every Creditor wants it.
Every Debtor wants it.
Every Insolvent wants it.
Every Inventor wants it.
Every Magistrate wants it.
Every Lawyer wants it.
Every Law Student wants it.
Every Real Estate Owner wants it.
Every Agent wants it.
Every Conveyancer wants it.
Every Book-keeper wants it.
Every Collector wants it.
Every Politician wants it.
Every Editor wants it.
Every Author wants it.
Every Publisher wants it.
Every School Teacher wants it.
Every Clergyman wants it.
Every Builder wants it.
Every Ship Owner wants it.
Every Shipmaster wants it.
Every Auctioneer wants it.
Every Farmer wants it.
Every Landlord wants it.
Every Tenant wants it.
Every Married Woman wants it.
Every Single Woman wants it.
Every Widow wants it.
Every Master wants it.
Every Apprentice wants it.
Every Steamboat Company wants it.
Every Railroad Company wants it.
Every Express Company wants it.
Every Insurance Company wants it.
Every Guardian wants it.
Every Minor wants it.
Every Hotel-keeper wants it.
Every Administrator wants it.
Every Executor wants it.
Every Arbitrator wants it.
Every Government Officer wants it.
Every Petitioner wants it.
Every Citizen wants it.
Every Alien wants it.
Everybody everywhere wants

CROSBY'S LAWYER AND COUNSELLOR IN BUSINESS.

It contains plain and simple instructions to Everybody for transacting their business according to law, with legal forms, for drawing the various necessary papers connected therewith, together with the laws of all the States, for Collection of Debts, Property Exempt from Execution, Mechanics' Liens, Execution of Deeds and Mortgages, Rights of Married Women, Dower, Usury, Wills, &c.

It will be sent by mail to any address, postage paid, on receipt of price, $1 00, or in law style, $1 25. For single copies, or for the book by hundreds, or by thousands, apply to, or address

JOHN E. POTTER, PUBLISHER,
No. 617 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED.

A FEMALE AGENT IN EVERY CITY AND Town in the United States, to sell a patent article required by every woman. Applicants must have at least $20, and furnish good reference. Those acquainted with the nature and treatment of Female Diseases preferred. Such persons will find this a profitable undertaking.

Apply to HALSEY & KING,
168 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Wm. Simmons' Millinery Rooms,
637 Broadway.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 20 to 50 pages—and from one third to one half—more reading than any other in the country.

Close of the Tenth Year and Twentieth Volume.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4 00.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office *where it is received.* The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER; $2 50 A YEAR.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	2 50
One Copy for Two Years	4 00
Five Copies for One Year	9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

Harper's Magazine and *Harper's Weekly*, together, one year, $4 00.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.